

# The KING'S PRAISES

NUMBER 2

*The Praise Publishing Co*

PHILADELPHIA  
1530. Chestnut St.

CHICAGO  
95 Dearborn St

SILOAM SPRINGS  
Arkansas

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# The King's Praises

• Number 2 •

Compiled especially for  
EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS  
SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND  
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICES

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EDITED BY

C. P. CURRY

MILTON S. REFS

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H. L. GILMOUR

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MELVIN J. HILL

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WITHDRAWN

The Praise Publishing Company

Philadelphia  
1530 Chestnut St.

Chicago  
95 Dearborn St.

Siloam Springs  
Arkansas

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# PREFACE

THE KING'S PRAISES, NUMBER 2, has been produced after much careful thought on the part of the Editors. We believe it will commend itself to the public as an exceptional collection of new and popular gospel songs.

More than fifty new copyrights are included in this collection and nearly all of them have been tried out in large assemblies. We believe they will prove very acceptable.

We have tried to make a book of new songs and popular favorites covering a wide range of authors.

We send it on its mission of song, believing that many precious souls will be won for the Master through its use.

THE PUBLISHERS.

MARCH 1ST, 1910.

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## Doxology.

(Old Hundred. L. M.)

THOS. KEN.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are placed below the vocal lines.

# THE KING'S PRAISES, No. 2.

1

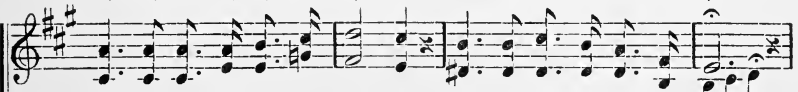
## Crown Him.

THOMAS KELLEY.

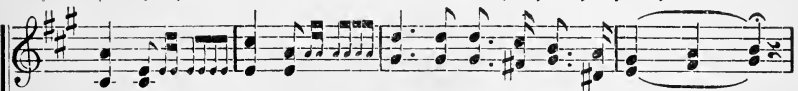
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



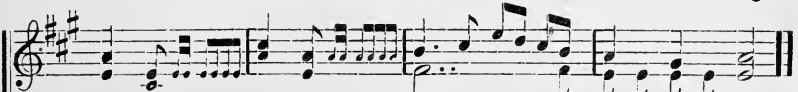
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the Man of sor-rows now;
2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him: Rich the trophies Je - sus brings:
3. Sin - ners in de-ri-sion crown'd him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark, those bursts of ac-la-ma-tion! Hark, those loud triumphant chords!



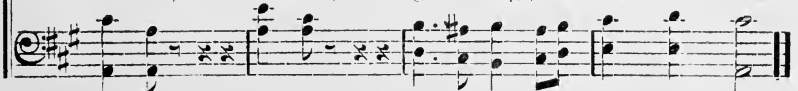
From the fight return'd vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow:  
 In the seat of pow'r enthrone him, While the vault of heav-en rings:  
 Saints and angels crowd a-round him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name:  
 Je - sus takes the highest sta - tion: O what joy the sight af - fords!



Crown him,	crown him!	Crowns become the Victor's brow;.....
Crown him,	crown him!	Crown the Saviour King of kings;.....
Crown him,	crown him!	Spread a-broad the Victor's fame;.....
Crown him,	crown him,	King of kings, and Lord of lords;.....
		Crowns.... become the Victor's brow;



Crown him,	crown him!	Crowns be-come the Vic - tor's brow.
Crown him,	crown him!	Crown the Sav - iour King of kings.
Crown him,	crown him!	Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame.
Crown him,	crown him,	King of kings, and Lord of lords.



## One of God's Days.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. One of God's days ev-'ry dark cloud, Hid-ing the sun-light of  
 2. One of God's days, those who are now Faith-ful to Je-sus in  
 3. One of God's days loved ones so dear, Who in the glo-ry are

heav-en-ly grace, He will re-move, And face to face, we shall see  
 life's con-stant maze, Soon shall see light; Then will they know all of life's  
 sing-ing his praise, Lost for a while, We shall soon meet, with all the

## CHORUS.

Je-sus One of God's days.  
 meaning One of God's days. } One of God's days, beau-ti-ful days,  
 ransomed, One of God's days. }

We shall in glo-ry sing his praise; Fight-ings all done,

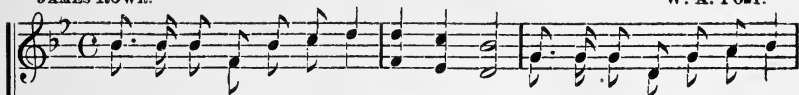
Vic-to-ries won, We shall see Je-sus, One of God's days.

*rit.*.....

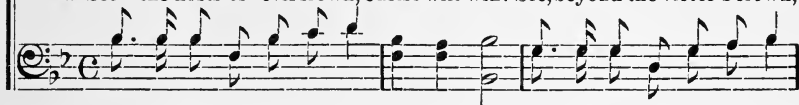


JAMES ROWE.

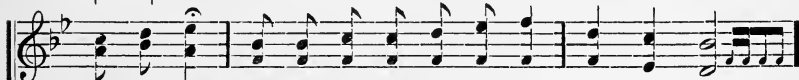
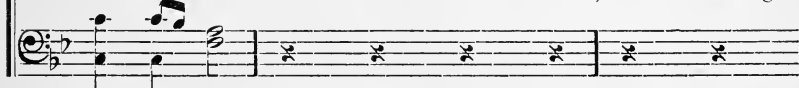
W. A. POST.



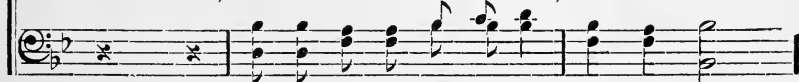
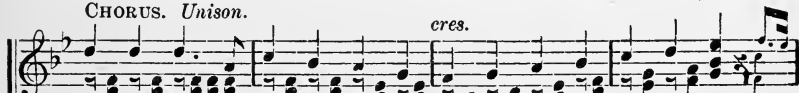
1. Sing the tidings o'er and o'er, Christ will win! Send the news o'er sea and shore,
2. Fast his fol-low-ers increase, Christ will win! Dawns the blessed day of peace,
3. Long-er grow his battle-lines, Christ will win! As the sun his glo-ry shines,
4. See the hosts of evil frown, Christ will win! See, beyond the victor's crown,



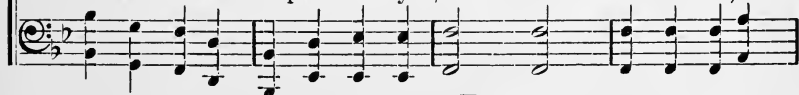
Christ will win! With his hosts he on-ward goes, Mak-ing cap-tives  
 Christ will win! Day by day and hour by hour, Nations feel his  
 Christ will win! In the vales of sin and shame, Souls to live a-  
 Christ will win! Doubt and sin are backward hurl'd, He is bless-ing



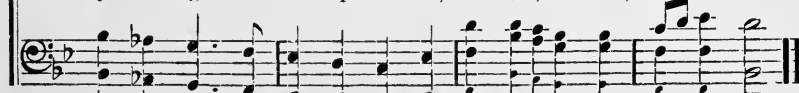
of his foes; Forward! for the way he knows; Christ will win!  
 Sav-ing pow'r; Is he not a might-y tow'r? Christ will win!  
 new be-gin; Praise his ev-er-last-ing name! Christ will win!  
 all the world, Sa-tan's ban-ners will be furl'd; Christ will win!

CHORUS. *Unison.**cres.*

Forward march! the Captain needs you, Forward in the strife with sin;

*Harmony.*

By his might he doth up-hold us; Forward, sol-diers, Christ will win!

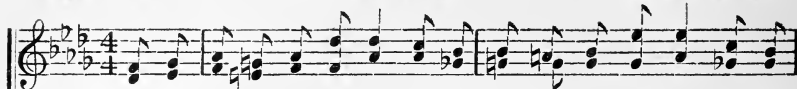


## My Father's Love.

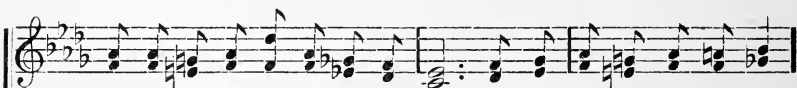
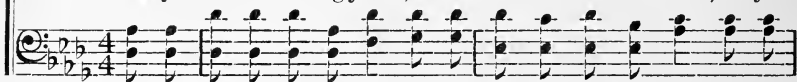
Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

JER. 31: 2.

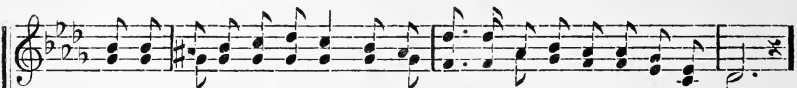
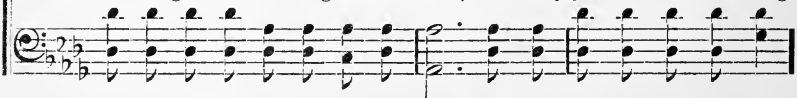
H. L. GILMOUR.



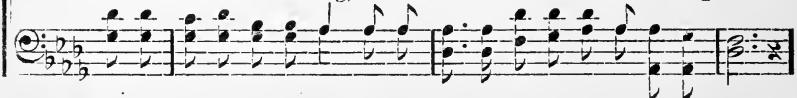
1. How my longing heart is cheer'd And my Lord the more endear'd By his
2. Golden beam of priceless worth, Piercing thro' the mists of earth, Ev-er-
3. Hoar-y head and smiling youth, Ponder well the wondrous truth, Let your



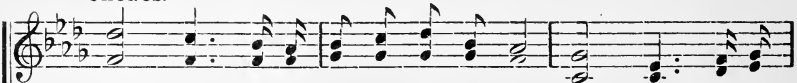
precious words that come from heav'n above! From his high and ho - ly throne,  
more his faith-ful, yearning care to prove, Love that knows not chill, or change,  
soul with grat-i-tude and gladness move; With a joy that's full and strong,



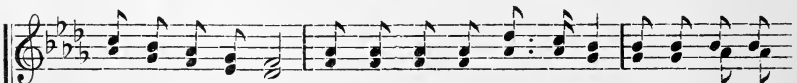
Ten - der-ly he tells his own: "I have lov'd thee with an everlasting love."  
Passing fancy's widest range, "I have lov'd thee with an everlasting love!"  
Sound the blest, exultant song, "I have lov'd thee with an everlasting love."



## CHORUS.



Lov'd thee with an ev - er - last-ing love, Lov'd thee with an  
I have lov'd thee, I have lov'd thee,



ev - er-last-ing love; Sing these words to me a - gain, Glad me with the



## My Father's Love.—Concluded.

sweet refrain, "I have lov'd thee, Lov'd thee with an ev-er-last-ing love."  
lov'd thee, lov'd thee,

*rit.*

## 5 Love Took Him There.

W. C. MARTIN.

MELVIN J. HILL.

1. 'Twas love a-lone that mov'd my Lord To bear his cross to Cal-va-ry;  
2. Love mov'd the Fa-ther's heart to give His Son our sac-ri-fice to be,  
3. And so I give with-out re-serve My all, his ev-er-more to be;

Not Ro-man spears nor Pilate's word, But just his love for you and me.  
To die that sinful souls might live; 'Twas just his love for you and me.  
My mind and strength his cause to serve, Be-cause he gave his all for me.

### CHORUS.

'Twas mighty love that took him there To die up-on the cru-el tree,

To save his peo-ple from de-spair; His love, his love for you and me.

# 6 You Can Never Be Lonely With Jesus.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. You can nev - er be lone - ly if Christ is your friend, He says he'll be  
 2. You can nev - er be lone - ly in earth's darkest night, God's pil - lar of  
 3. With no Christ and no hope, O so lone - ly life's road! Come now and be

with you un - to the end; And up - on his great promises you may depend;  
 fire now is burning bright, And your soul shall be flooded with heavenly light;  
 cleansed in the precious blood; You may have as companion the dear Son of God;

## CHORUS.

You can nev - er be lone - ly with Je - sus. O 'twould be dreary with

out him, With - out the dear Saviour each day; Let him be your com -  
 each day;

pan - ion, your brother and friend, He will lead you and keep you al - way.

A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. When I have fin-ish'd my pil - grimage here, When shall have vanish'd temp -  
 2. When I am trou-bled by grief and de - spair, Grace nev - er fail - ing a -  
 3. When I have trav-el'd the way with my Lord, Counting the mile-posts by

ta - tion and fear, As in the arms of his love I a - bide,  
 waits me up there; Will - ing to trust him what - ev - er be - tide,  
 faith in his word, Liv - ing and dy - ing with him at my side,

## CHORUS.

I shall be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be sat - is -  
 I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be

fied,..... I..... shall be sat - is - fied;.....  
 sat - is - fied. I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;

*rit.*  
 Shelter'd a - bove by his in - fin - ite love, I shall be sat - is - fied.

# 8 Let Us Be Triumphant Christians.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. O. H. MORRIS.

1. Let us be tri-um-phants Christians While we so-journ here be-low;  
 2. Let us be tri-um-phants Christians, O-ver-com-ers in the strife;  
 3. Let us be tri-um-phants Christians With love's banner wide unfurl'd;

With a faith that knows no wav'ring, And our hearts with love a-glow,  
 Let us give the world the sun-shine Of a true, vic-to-rious life;  
 Trusting in our conqu'ring Je-sus Who has o-ver-come the world;

Let us show to those a-bout us Who still cling to earth-ly toys,  
 Let us meet life's dis-appointments With a cour-age born of faith  
 Ev-'ry need-ed grace sup-ply-ing While we look to him for aid,

We have something more en-dur-ing Than its tran-si-to-ry joys.  
 In our glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er, Who has con-quer'd sin and death.  
 On his arm of strength re-ly-ing We shall nev-er be dismay'd.

## CHORUS.

Praise the Lord! . . . who ev-er giv-eth us the vic-to-ry, Praise the Lord!  
 Praise the Lord!

# Let Us Be Triumphant Christians.

Praise the Lord! praise him evermore! Faith ex-ult-ant lifts the cry,

He has conquer'd, so may I, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!

## 9 Burden Bearing.

FRED SCOTT.

"Bear ye one another's burdens.—GAL. 6: 2.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. There's many a sor-row The world may not know; Hearts sadden'd and  
 2. Hearts wea-ry with striv-ing May faint by the way, If those who are  
 3. Christ left all the glo-ries Of heav-en a-bove, Impell'd to thy

wea-ry, Hearts heav-y with woe; Go, light-en the bur-dens  
 strong-er Join not in the fray; Haste then to the res-cue  
 res-cue By in-fi-nite love; Thy heart hath been glad-den'd

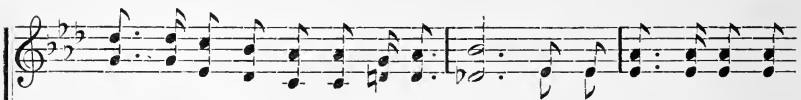
So grievous to bear; The sorrows of oth-ers Be willing to share.  
 Of those who are weak; Go strengthen'd by Jesus, Thy brother to seek.  
 Thy sins wash'd a-way; Tell oth-ers of Je-sus, The Life and the Way.

Rev. D. Y. STEPHENS.

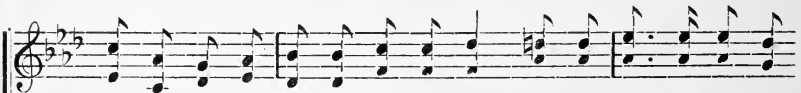
H. L. GILMOUR.



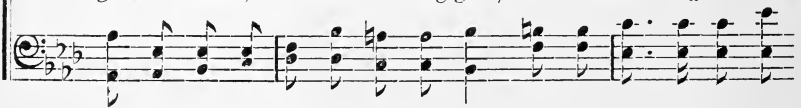
1. I have come thro' sorrow's valley, and thro' sin's darkest night; I am
2. My dear Sav-iour has gone o - ver to pre-pare me a place; I am
3. If old Jor-dan's waves around me roll, I shall have no fear; I am
4. I will lift mine eyes in gladness, to be-hold heaven's land; I am
5. O my broth-er from the wilderness, look up and be-hold; I am



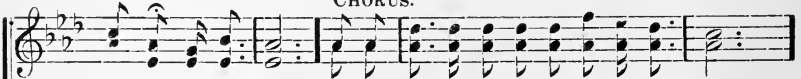
stand - ing on the hill - top looking home; And my soul is full of  
 stand - ing on the hill - top looking home; In the glo - ry of his  
 stand - ing on the hill - top looking home; I will trust a - lone in  
 stand - ing on the hill - top looking home; And my faith becomes tri -  
 stand - ing on the hill - top looking home; Now a man - sion bright, a



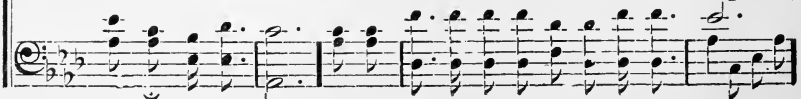
glo - ry, for I'm liv - ing in the light. I am stand - ing on the  
 presence, with my lov'd ones sav'd by grace, I am stand - ing on the  
 Je - sus, who has promised to be near; I am stand - ing on the  
 umphant for the vi - sion is so grand; I am stand - ing on the  
 great white throne, and streets of shining gold; I am stand - ing on the



## CHORUS.



hill-top looking home. I am standing on the hill-top looking home;  
 looking home;





# Standing on the Hill-top.—Concluded.

And I catch a glimpse of min-a-ret and dome; Hearing sweet celestial strains,

Where my Lord in glo-ry reigns, I am standing on the hill-top looking home. *ritard.*

## 11 How Could It Be ?

REV. N. A. MCAULAY.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

*Slowly.*

1. Poor and des-pised he came seek - ing for me, Bear - ing my  
 2. Down in Geth-sem - a - ne, there I be - hold Je - sus in  
 3. See him as-cend the mount, bleeding for me, Where thro' the  
 4. Then in the tomb he lay, sleep - ing for me, Till came the

woe and shame my soul to free; For me he suf - fered here,  
 ag - o - ny, sor - row un - told; Then at the trait - or's call,  
 crim - son fount, cleans - ing I see; For me he left his throne,  
 prom - ised day of vic - to - ry; He from the grave a - rose,

Shed off the bit - ter tear, In love so pure and dear, How could it be ?  
 He went to Pi-late's hall, Bearing the sins of all, How could it be ?  
 For me he did a - tone, Dy - ing in shame a - lone, How could it be ?  
 He conquer'd all his foes, Then he in glo - ry rose, How could it be ?

1. Bear the cross for Je - sus, bear it day by day; Fol - low in his footsteps  
 2. Bear the cross for Je - sus, heav - y though it be, He will ease the burden  
 3. Bear the cross for Je - sus, as we on - ward go, Burdens he is shar - ing

up the heav'nward way; Hap - py in the guid - ing of the Friend a -  
 with his grace so free; All your will sur - ren - der to his will di -  
 will the light - er grow; Cross - es with his bless - ing seem up - lift - ing

bove, Ev - 'ry care con - fid - ing to his won - drous love.  
 vine, Mer - cies, rich and ten - der, in your heart will shine.  
 wings, Till his joy pos - sess - ing, sweet ho - san - na rings.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Bear the cross, bear the cross, hear the Master say, . . . "Fol - low me,

fol - low me, up the heav'nward way;" Bear the cross for Je - sus

# Bear the Cross.—Concluded.

till you lay it down, Where in all its beau - ty shines a star - ry crown.

13

## I Am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to thee.  
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.  
 When I kneel in pray'r and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;  
 nearer, nearer,

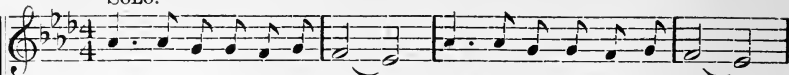
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

# 14 The Golden Days are Coming Bye and Bye.

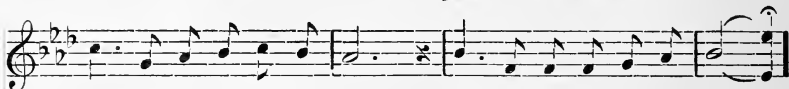
ORA SAMUEL GRAY.

CHAS. F. ALLEN.

SOLO.



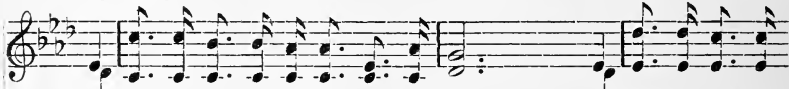
1. Does the tempter seek your soul? Do your doubts perplex your mind?
2. Tho' your load is heavy now, Don't give up or be cast down;
3. Je - sus is a mighty king, Ev - 'ry foe will vanquish'd be;
4. Sin some day day will be unknown, Tears of pain and sor row o'er;



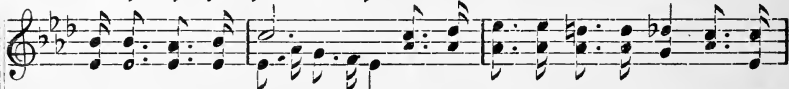
God still holds the world's control, Hap - pi - ness in him you'll find.  
God has promis'd, and he's true, Ev - 'ry cross will mean a crown.  
We shall find our heart's de - sire, Thro' the Man of Gal - i - lee.  
Those we've "lov'd and lost a while," We shall meet to part no more.



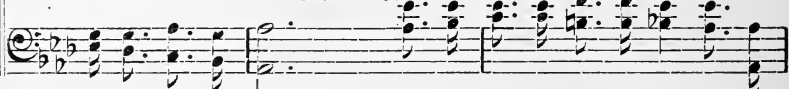
## CHORUS.



The gold-en days are coming by and by, The gold-en days are  
coming by and by,



coming by and by, In our Father's home a - bove, We shall  
coming by and by,



glo - ry in his love, The gold-en days are coming by and by.  
coming by and by.

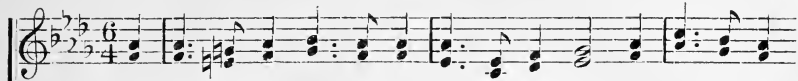


# 15 The Angels Have Charge Over Thee.

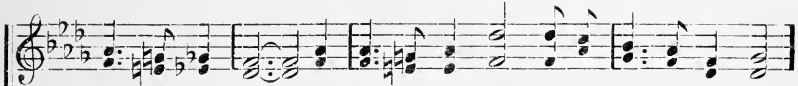
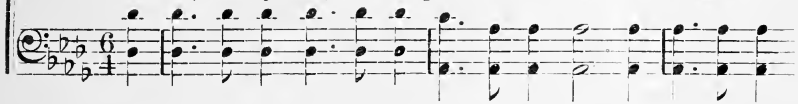
WILDIE THAYER.

Ps. 91: 11.

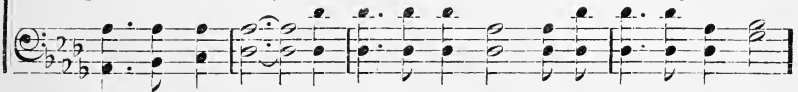
H. L. GILMOUR.



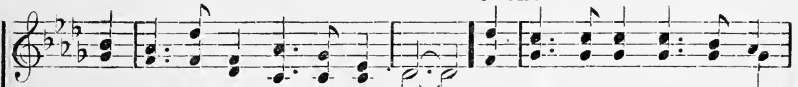
1. In time of temp-ta - tion, I hear a sweet voice, So ten - der - ly
2. When tri - als a - rise, and when dan - ger is near. A light in the
3. Then rest, sweetly rest, on the prom - ise of God, From sin and its



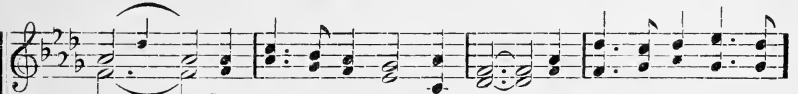
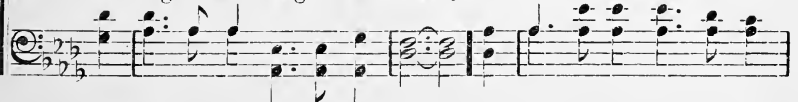
whis - per to me, "Be strong in the Lord, sweetly rest on his word,  
dark - ness I see, This prom - ise so blest bringeth comfort and rest,  
pow - er be free; O be of good cheer, there is noth - ing to fear,



## CHORUS.



The angels have charge o - ver thee."  
"The angels have charge o - ver thee."  
"The angels have charge o - ver thee." } "The an - gels have charge o - ver

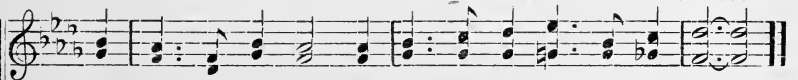


thee, . . . . To keep thee in all thy ways;" This blessed as - sur - ance

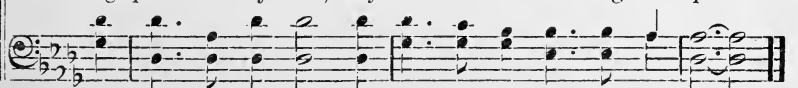


over thee,

*ritard.* . . . .



brings peace to my soul, My heart is o'er - flow - ing with praise.



L. F. J.

LYMAN F. JACKSON.

1. Sweet as the dew at morn,..... When the new day is born,..  
 2. Long hast thou sought for rest,.... Long have thy sins dis-trest!..  
 3. Sweet as the voice of love..... Whispers the heav'n-ly dove,..

at morn, is born,

Com-eth the voice of Je-sus to cheer thee, Gracious-ly to thee borne;  
 Long has thy soul, its heav-y load bear-ing, Sad-ly its guilt con-fest!  
 Gra-cious-ly bear-ing God's in-vi-ta-tion, From his bright throne a-bove!

Hear ye the whispered call,..... Ten-der-est word of all,.....  
 Help-less, a-lone and drear,..... Seek-ing in vain for cheer,..  
 Yield to him now thy heart!..... Bid all thy doubts de-part!.....

the call, of all,

"Come un-to me, all ye that are wea-ry!" Come, ere the shadows fall!  
 Je-sus would help, thy sorrows all sharing; Glad-ly the mes-sage hear!  
 He would in mer-cy per-fect sal-va-tion Free-ly to thee im-part!

CHORUS.

Why!..... O why..... not..... now?..  
 Will ye not come to him now, just now? O will ye not come to him now, just now?

# Why Not Come to Him Now?—Concluded.

The Saviour will meet thee, With pardon will greet thee! O why not come to him now?  
just now?

17

## Open Thou Mine Eyes.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

PSA. 119: 18.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. O-pen thou mine eyes, Lord Je - sus, Wondrous things I long to see;
2. Give me, Lord, the o - pen vis - ion, Make the sa - cred page to shine;
3. Lord, re - veal the path of du - ty; Step by step to thee I cling;
4. Wondrous love and wondrous kindness, Mighty pow'r and saving grace,

In thy word and by thy spir - it, Bring me face to face with thee.  
Let me see thy hand, O Sav - iour, I would place mine own in thine.  
Lead me, till in all his beau - ty, I be - hold the glorious King.  
All may know if thou but o - pen Blinded eyes to see thy face.

### CHORUS.

Lord and Sav - iour, thou hast promised Grace and wisdom, life and light;

O - pen now mine eyes to see thee; Let me now re - ceive my sight.

JAMES ROWE.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When - ev - er by sor - row my spir - it is tried, Or rough seems my  
 2. Tho' waves of mis - for - tune may o - ver me roll, And friends with their  
 3. At times when the temp - ter steals near to my heart, I claim the pow'r  
 4. No fear will be mine, when I get the command To cross to the

path - way to be, My pre - cious Re - deem - er what - ev - er be - tide,  
 sym - pa - thy flee, Still Je - sus my Saviour comes close to my soul,  
 promised so free, The wil - der - ness He - ro then bids him de - part,  
 clear crys - tal, sea, For Christ who has promised, be - side me will stand,

CHORUS.

Still whis - pers his love to me.  
 And whis - pers his love to me. } He whispers his love to me,  
 And whis - pers his love to me. }  
 And whis - per his love to me.

He whis - pers his love to me, My spir - it to cheer, my  
 to me,

Sav - iour draws near, And whis - pers his love to me.  
 to me.



MRS. O. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There's sorrow and sad-ness on ev - er - y side, And tri - als how  
 2. Shine brightest for Je - sus when dark - est the way, When fierce op - po -  
 3. His grace is suf - fi - cient what - ev - er the test, You nev - er need  
 4. Then walk in the light with God's glo - ry in view, Sal - va - tion is

oft - en we meet; Let this be our watchword whatev - er be - tide,  
 si - tion you meet; His love can change mid - night to ra - diant noon - day;  
 suf - fer de - feat; Then scat - ter the sun - light, let oth - ers be blest;  
 full and com - plete; Keep look - ing to Je - sus he'll car - ry you thro'!

CHORUS.

“Just shine and keep sweet.” Shine and keep sweet, shine and keep sweet  
 Just shine keep sweet,

No mat - ter what ob - sta - cles here you may meet, With God on your

side, ev - ry foe 'neath your feet, Just shine, brother, shine and keep sweet.  
 and keep sweet.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. I have an ev - 'ry day Sav - iour, Je - sus who died for me,  
 2. I have an ev - 'ry day Sav - iour, Planning my way for me;  
 3. I have an ev - 'ry day Sav - iour, On his strong arm I rest,

Full of com - pas - sion and mer - cy. A - ble to make me free; (make free;)  
 He knows the end and be - gin - ning— On - ly a step I see; (I see;)  
 Seeking his glo - ry and hon - or, Do - ing my Lord's be - hest; (be - hest;)

Nev - er a mo - ment un - mind - ful, He will not slumber or sleep;  
 Rul - ing the world by his pow - er, Rul - ing my heart by his love;  
 I shall find grace for temp - ta - tion, Light he will shed on my way;

He who doth no - tice the spar - row, Safe - ly his lov'd ones will keep.  
 O what a Sav - iour is Je - sus, Liv - ing for - ev - er a - bove!  
 O what a Sav - iour is Je - sus, Sav - ing and keeping each day!

## CHORUS.

I have an ev - 'ry day Sav - iour, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - iour!

# I Have an Every Day Saviour.—Concluded.

O what a Friend! I may de-pend Ev-er on Je-sus my Sav-iour.

## 21 Never Doubt Your Saviour.

JAMES ROWE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tho' your head be bow'd with sorrow, Never doubt your Saviour, Never doubt your
2. When the tempter strives to harm you, Never doubt your Saviour, Never doubt your
3. On his love re - ly com-plete-ly; Never doubt your Saviour, Never doubt your

Sav-iour; Go to him and com-fort bor-row, Nev-er, nev-er doubt your Sav-iour; When the storms of life a-larm you, Nev-er, nev-er doubt your Sav-iour; Rest in him se-re-ne-ly, sweet-ly; Nev-er, nev-er doubt your

Sav-iour; Ev-er on his faith-ful breast You your wea-ry head may rest, Sav-iour; Ev-er in his pre-cious side There is room for you to hide; Sav-iour; Faithful he will ev-er prove Till you reach your home a-bove;

He will stand the strongest test; Nev-er, nev-er doubt your Sav-iour.  
 Let your faith in him a-bide; Nev-er, nev-er doubt your Sav-iour.  
 No one loves as he doth love; Nev-er, nev-er doubt your Sav-iour.

Mrs. C. H. M.

ROMANS 8: 31.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There's a glad song rings thro'out the world to-day, It is vic-to-ry!  
 2. "Peace on earth, good will to men" he brings to all, It is vic-to-ry!  
 3. He shall reign from sea to sea, and shore to shore, It is vic-to-ry!

it is vic-to-ry! To the con-quest of the cross we haste a-way;  
 it is vic-to-ry! Pris-on doors swing wide, and i-ron fet-ters fall;  
 it is vic-to-ry! Ev-ry mor-tal tongue confess his sov'reign pow'r;

CHORUS. *Unison.*

It is vic-to-ry! for our King! God is for us, who can be against us?

Ral-ly, Christian soldiers, ral-ly at his call; In his name shall

vic-to-ry at-tend us, Sa-tan's ar-ma-ments be-fore us yield and fall;

# God Is For Us.—Concluded.

*mf* *cres.*.....

God is for us, vic - to - ry is near, God is for us, fal - ter not or fear;

8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8

*cres.* *ff* *ritard.*

God is for us, cheer, my comrades, cheer, vic - to - ry for our King!

8

23

## Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Friend who died for thee; And bless him
2. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Rock in which we hide; And bless him
3. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Hope so sure and sweet; And bless him
4. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Guide in days to come; And bless him

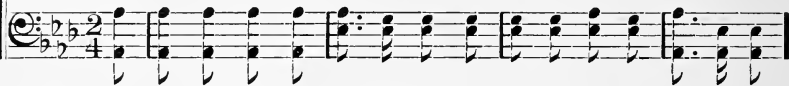
CHORUS.

for the saving grace, So rich, so full and free. Bless the Lord, my soul,  
 for the sense of peace, A - mid the surging tide. }  
 for the lov - ing call To wor - ship at his feet. }  
 for the crown of life In thy e - ter - nal home. Bless the Lord,

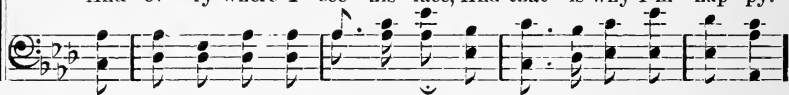
Bless the Lord, my soul; And all that is within me, Bless his ho - ly name.  
 Bless the Lord,



1. I'm hap - py in my Lord be-low, My heart with praise doth overflow;
2. On him I cast my ev - 'ry care, And he doth all my sorrow share;
3. His faith - ful-ness and truth a-bide; He bids me in his love con-fide;
4. He leads me in the nar-row way, He saves and keeps me ev-'ry day;
5. For all my need he gives me grace, For ev - 'ry time and ev-'ry place;



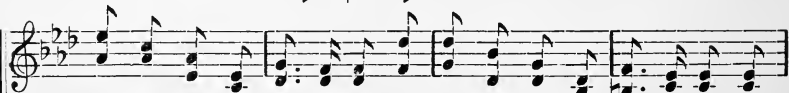
He par-don'd all my sin I know, And that is why I'm hap - py.  
 He gives me strength my cross to bear, And that is why I'm hap - py.  
 From ev - 'ry foe in him I hide, And that is why I'm hap - py.  
 I love him, and his will o - bey, And that is why I'm hap - py.  
 And ev - 'ry-where I see his face, And that is why I'm hap - py.



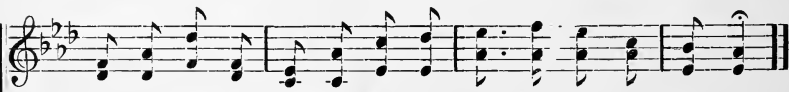
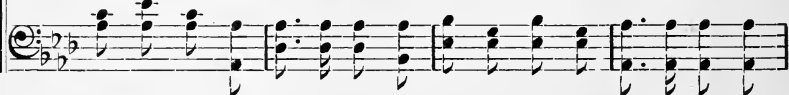
## CHORUS.



I'm hap - py! I'm hap - py! Praise God, I'm al - ways hap - py! I'm



hap - py in my Lord be-low, He took my bur - den long a-go; And



this is why I love him so, And why I'm al - ways hap - py.



REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. When I was lost on the sea of sin, Dark - ness with -  
 2. Here thro' the blood I have been made whole, Here I am  
 3. Now, thro' the grace of the Lord, I stand, Bound for the  
 4. Here I will stay till this life is o'er, Here I will

out, deep - er yet with - in; God sent me help and I en - tered in,  
 safe, tho' the waves may roll; Here not a storm can mo - lest my soul,  
 shores of the Gold - en Land; Here I am k - pt by the Lord's own hand,  
 stay till I reach yon shore; Then I will ren - der, for - ev - er - more,

## CHORUS.

In - to the Ark of God.  
 Safe in the Ark of God. } I'm safe, safe in the Ark to - day,  
 Safe in the Ark of God.  
 Praise for the Ark of God.

the ark of God.

I'm safe, safe in the Ark to stay; While all... a - round me

bil - lows may dash and spray, I'm safe in the ark to - day.

IRENE DURFEE.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Nev - er a-lone in this earth - ly way, Somebody cares,Somebod-y cares,  
 2. When I am singing a hap - py song,Somebody cares,Somebod-y cares,  
 3. When I am weary and long for rest, Somebody cares,Somebod-y cares,

I have a help-er each bus - y day; Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,  
 When I am fighting against the wrong,Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,  
 When by the tempter I'm sorely press'd,Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,

Somebod - y cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'er -  
 Somebod - y cares when I stand a - lone, Cares when the pleasures of  
 Somebod - y cares, and what-e'er be-tide, Walks ev - 'ry hour by the

whelm'd with woe, Cares and is marking my pain below, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.  
 earth are gone, Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.  
 Christian's side, Love so a-maz-ing will e'er a-bide, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.

## REFRAIN.

Some - bod - y cares for me Some bod - y cares to me.  
 Somebody cares. yes. somebody cares, yes, he cares for me,



# Somebody Cares.—Concluded.

In all my life his kind hand I see, Somebod - y cares, 'tis Je - us.

## 27 Whisperings of Jesus.

D. K. W.

Hosea 2: 19.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*With expression.*

1. Not a sound invades the stillness, Not a form invades the scene,
2. And with-in these heav'nly pla-ces, Calmly hushed in sweet re-pose,
3. Wrapt in deep, a - dor-ing si-lence, Je - sus, Lord, I dare not move,
4. Rest, then, O my soul, content-ed, Thou hast reach'd thy happy place,

Save the voice of my Be-lov - e! And the per - son of my King.  
 There I drink with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose.  
 Lest I lose the smallest say-ing Meant to catch the ear of love.  
 In the bo - som of thy Saviour, Gaz-ing up in his dear face.

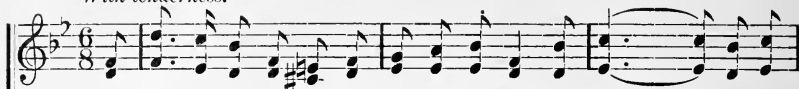
### CHORUS.

Precious, gen - tle, ho - ly Je - sus! Bless-ed Bridegroom of my heart,  
 Precious, Blessed,

In thy se - cret in - ner chamber Thou wilt whis - per what thou art.  
 In thy Thou wilt

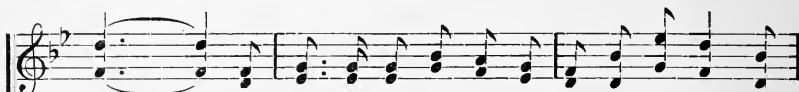
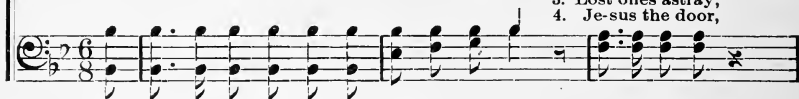
Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

*With tenderness.*

1. Out-side of the fold of the Shepherd so true, The Shep - - herd so
2. He heard the low cry of his sheep that was lost, His sheep..... that was
3. He laid down his life for his lost ones astray, His lost..... ones a -
4. De - lay not, but en - ter by Je - sus the door, By Je - - sus the

1. Shepherd so true,
2. Sheep that was lost,
3. Lost ones astray,
4. Je - sus the door,



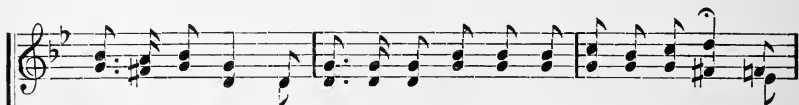
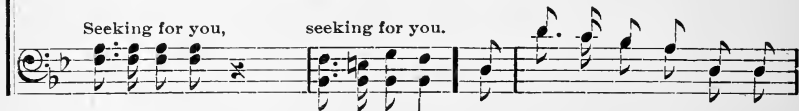
true,..... Who o-ver bleak mountains came seeking for you, Came  
lost,..... From glo - ry to Cal - v'ry the dark a-byss cross'd, The  
stray,..... And for yqu is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day, Is  
door,..... Safe fold - ed to rest in his love ev - er - more, His

Shepherd so true,

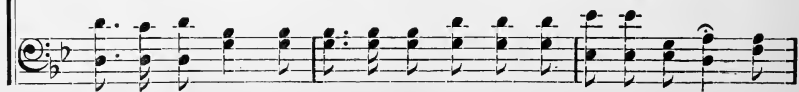


seek - - ing for you.....  
dark..... a - byss cross'd. .... } Come back to the fold, O come  
call - - ing to - day.....  
love..... ev - er - more.....

Seeking for you, seeking for you.



back to the fold, No more to be foot sore and hungry and cold; Come



# Outside of the Fold.—Concluded.

*rit.*.....

back to the fold, come back to the fold, Come back to the dear Shepherd's care.

29

## I Love Him.

C. F. O.

S. C. FOSTER. Arr. by A. S. M.

*Poco adagio.*

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm, Now thro' the blood I'm
2. Once I was far a-way, deep down in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but

sav'd from sin's a-larm; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The  
pas-sions fierce within; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But  
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in God I live, And

CHORUS.

*mp*

*pp*

precious blood of Jesus washes white as snow.  
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. } I love him, I love him,  
tell the world around the peace that he doth give. }

Because he first lov'd me, And purchas'd my salvation On Mount Calva-ry.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

PETER P. BILHORN.

1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,  
 2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;  
 3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,  
 4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sorrow's paths I oft - en tread,  
 5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How he left his home in glo' - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.  
 Threw his lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to his way.  
 Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But he freed me from them all.  
 But the Sav - iour still is with me, By his hand I'm safe - ly led.  
 Then he'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the won - drous sto - - - ry  
 Yes, I'll sing the won - drous sto - ry

Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....  
 Of the Christ who died for me,

Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - ry,  
 Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,

# I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.—Concluded.

Gath - ered by..... the crys - tal sea.  
 Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea,

## 31 Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly ples - ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.  
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.  
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

### REFRAIN.

Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee;  
 Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee;  
 Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee;

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.  
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.  
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

W. A. POST.

*Ferrently.*

1. It mat-ters not how long the way If dark or bright each passing day,  
 2. When hope is faint and faith is weak, O not in vain God's word we'll seek;  
 3. When blessings fall in gracious show'rs, And joy illumes our bus- y hours,

*rit.*

We'll fol- low on, thy face to see, Lead us to thee, dear Lord, to thee.  
 Un- to the throne we'll bear the plea, Lead us to thee, dear Lord, to thee..  
 This ev-er-more our pray'r shall be, Lead us to thee, dear Lord, to thee..

CHORUS. *A tempo.*

Lead us to, thee, . . . . . dear Lord di - vine, . . . . . Bright Star of  
 Lead us to thee, dear Lord di - vine,

Morn. . . . . up-on us shine, . . . Thine, on-ly thine. . . . . our hearts would  
 Bright Star of Morn, up - on us shine, Thine, only thine, our

*rall.*

be, . . . . . Lead us to thee, dear Lord, to thee.  
 hearts would be, Lead us to thee.

JAMES ROWE.

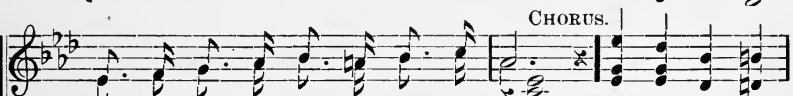
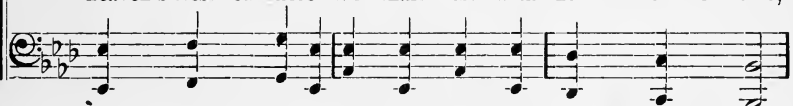
CHAS. H. MARSH.

*Unison.*

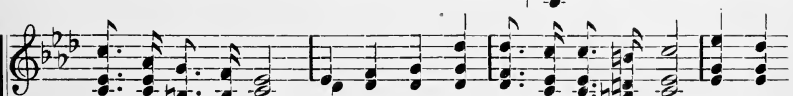
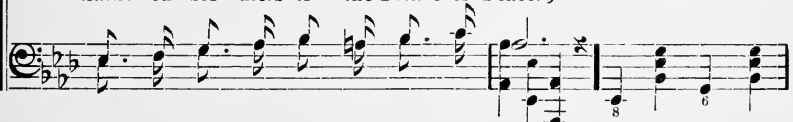
1. March - ing on in bless - ed gos - pel light, Cour - age strong and
2. Je - sus left his king - ly home a - bove, Just to show to
3. If we true re - main till life is o'er, Bye and bye on



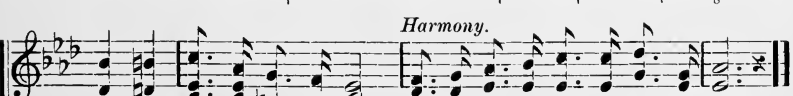
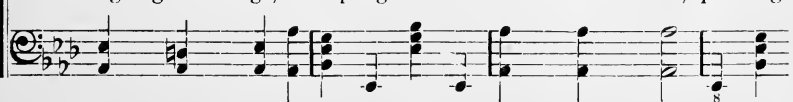
ar - mor shin - ing bright, Al - ways stand - ing firm - ly for the right,  
us his boundless love; Now our con - stant faith in him to prove,  
heaven's bless - ed shore We shall rest with him for - ev - er - more;



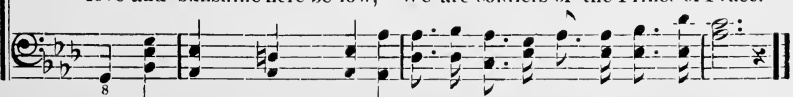
We are sol - diers of the Prince of Peace. }  
We are sol - diers of the Prince of Peace. } On - ward, for - ward,  
Saint - ed sol - diers of the Prince of Peace. }



sing - ing as we go, Help - ing oth - ers Jesus Christ to know, Spreading



love and sunshine here be - low, We are soldiers of the Prince of Peace.

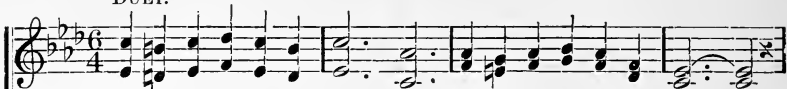


# 34 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

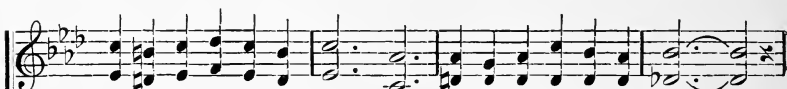
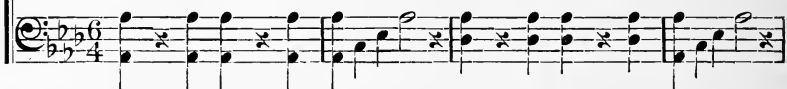
MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.  
DUET.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

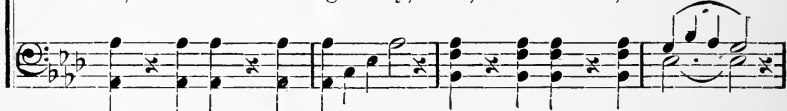
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



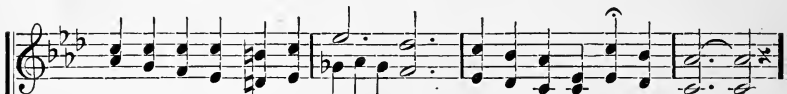
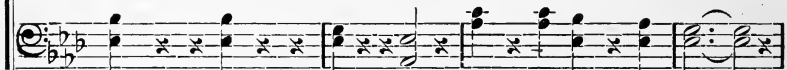
1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the sheep of his fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the lambs of his fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the "ninety and nine."
4. Green are the pastures in-vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still";



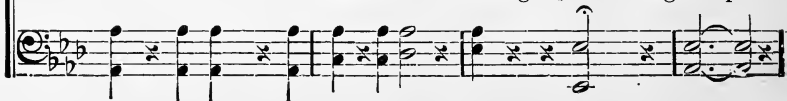
Dear is the love that he gives them, Dearer than silver or gold.  
Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.  
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the desert to pine.  
Lord, we will answer thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!"



Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are his "other" lost sheep;  
See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost;  
Hark! he is earnest - ly call - ing, Ten - der - ly pleading to - day;  
Make us thy true under - shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;



O-ver the mountains he fol - lows, O-ver the waters so deep.  
Bringing them in with re-joic - ing, Saved at such in - fi-nite cost.  
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"  
Send us out in - to the des - ert Seeking thy wandering sheep."





# Dear to the Heart, Etc.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

*poco rit.*

Out in the desert they wan - der, Hungry and helpless and cold;

*f a tempo.*

Off to the rescue { he hast - ens, } Bringing them back to the fold.  
(4th verse.) { we'll hast-en, }

## 35 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. { While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
While we are pray - ing for you, Come, (Omit. ....) sin - ner, come!

{ Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
{ Now is the time to know him, Come, (Omit. ....) sin - ner, come!

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer. Used by per.

2 Are you too heavy laden?  
Come, sinner, come!  
Jesus will bear your burden,  
Come, sinner, come!  
Jesus will not deceive you,  
Come, sinner, come!  
Jesus can now redeem you,  
Come, sinner, come!

3 O hear his tender pleading,  
Come, sinner, come!  
Come and receive the blessing,  
Come, sinner, come!  
While Jesus whispers to you,  
Come, sinner, come!  
While we are praying for you,  
Come, sinner, come!

1. How man - y in heav - en re - joic - ing - ly stand Ar - ray'd in white  
 2. 'Tis prom - is'd to us that bright crown we may wear, Where flow - ers are  
 3. Where songs of re - demp - tion shall ev - er be sung, Where those who were

gar - ments at Je - sus' right hand! A won - der - ful, beau - ti - ful,  
 bloom - ing e - ter - nal - ly fair; O think of the glo - ry a -  
 a - ged shall al - ways be young, Shall we be found wor - thy to

CHORUS. *mf*

sanc - ti - fied band! They shall shine as the stars.  
 wait - ing us there, Where they shine as the stars! } They shall shine,  
 join the glad throng, Those that shine as the stars? }

*p* *mf* *ff* (1st section of singers.)

shine as the stars! They shall shine, shine as the stars! They that lead sin - ners their

(2d section.) (3d section.)

sins to con - fess, They that turn man - y to righteous - ness, They that shall

# They Shall Shine.—Concluded.

*rit. ad libitum.*

hast-en to com-fort dis-tress, Shall for ev-er-more shine.....  
ev-er-more shine.

Musical score for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with lyrics: "hast-en to com-fort dis-tress, Shall for ev-er-more shine..... ev-er-more shine."

37

## Then, O Then Abide With Me.

IDA DE BERRY WHEELER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When no clouds are in my sky, When the way is smooth to tread:  
2. When temp-tations in their might Rise to lead me from the way:  
3. When a-cross my path may fall Shadows black of grief and pain,

Musical score for the first system of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass clef with lyrics: "1. When no clouds are in my sky, When the way is smooth to tread: 2. When temp-tations in their might Rise to lead me from the way: 3. When a-cross my path may fall Shadows black of grief and pain,"

When the star of hope on high Leads me on to joys a-head:  
When their clouds shut out my light, Bringing night instead of day:  
Lead; O lead me thro' them all In-to light and hope a-gain.

Musical score for the second system of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass clef with lyrics: "When the star of hope on high Leads me on to joys a-head: When their clouds shut out my light, Bringing night instead of day: Lead; O lead me thro' them all In-to light and hope a-gain."

### CHORUS.

Then, O then abide with me,..... Saviour, keep me trusting thee;...  
Then, O then abide with me, Sav-our, keep me trusting thee;

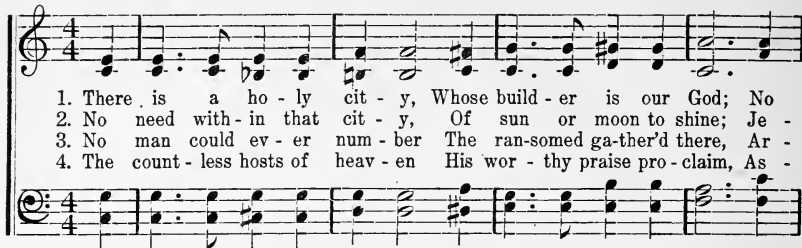
Musical score for the chorus of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass clef with lyrics: "Then, O then abide with me,..... Saviour, keep me trusting thee;... Then, O then abide with me, Sav-our, keep me trusting thee;"

Then, O then a-bide with me, Sav-our, keep me trust-ing thee.

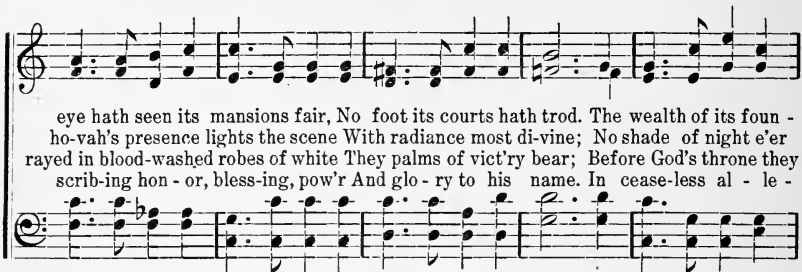
Musical score for the final system of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass clef with lyrics: "Then, O then a-bide with me, Sav-our, keep me trust-ing thee."

ADA BLENKHORN.

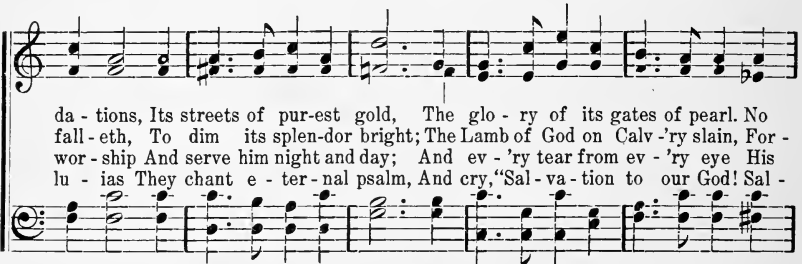
LYMAN F. JACKSON.



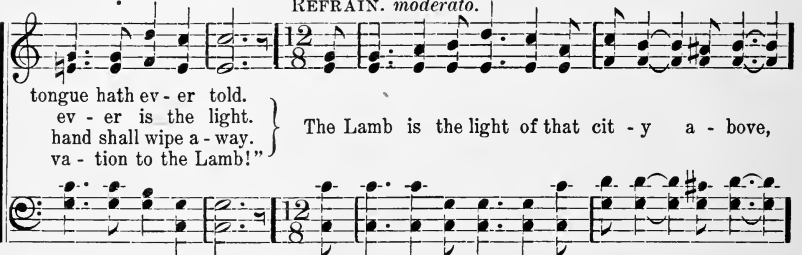
1. There is a ho - ly cit - y, Whose build - er is our God; No  
 2. No need with - in that cit - y, Of sun or moon to shine; Je -  
 3. No man could ev - er num - ber The ran - somed ga - ther'd there, Ar -  
 4. The count - less hosts of heav - en His wor - thy praise pro - claim, As -



eye hath seen its mansions fair, No foot its courts hath trod. The wealth of its four -  
 ho - vah's presence lights the scene With radiance most di - vine; No shade of night e'er  
 rayed in blood - washed robes of white They palms of vict'ry bear; Before God's throne they  
 scrib - ing hon - or, bless - ing, pow'r And glo - ry to his name. In cease - less al - le -



da - tions, Its streets of pur - est gold, The glo - ry of its gates of pearl. No  
 fall - eth, To dim its splen - dor bright; The Lamb of God on Calv - 'ry slain, For  
 wor - ship And serve him night and day; And ev - 'ry tear from ev - 'ry eye His  
 lu - ias They chant e - ter - nal psalm, And cry, "Sal - va - tion to our God! Sal -

REFRAIN. *moderato.*


tongue hath ev - er told.  
 ev - er is the light.  
 hand shall wipe a - way.  
 va - tion to the Lamb!" } The Lamb is the light of that cit - y a - bove,



The light that shall nev - er cease! . . . And all shall be - hold him, whose

# The Light of the Holy City.—Concluded.

in - fin - ite love, Leads them home to that cit - y of peace.....  
that cit - y of peace.

## 39 Dwell With the King.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

1 Chron. 4 : 23.

H. L. GILMOUR.

- O child of the King; a mes-sage I bring, To all who are bear-ing his
- The thoughts that you sow in beau-ty shall grow, Till gold-en the har-vest they
- His vine-yard has need of work-ers in-deed; Then count it your high-est re -

yoke: 'Tis close to the throne, his will is made known, Then dwell with the  
bring; Then scat-ter the seeds of beau-ti-ful deeds, And dwell with your  
ward; To dwell with him there, his ser-vice to share, And hear the "well

### CHORUS.

King for his work.  
heav-en-ly King. } Dwell with the King, labor and sing; Toil shall grow dai-ly more  
done" of your Lord.

sweet: Ev-er his will, seek to ful-fill, E'en till his work is com-plete.

G. A. G.

REV. GEO. A. GRISWOLD.

*p* Moderately fast.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! thou homeland of the blest! I  
 2. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! up - on thy peace - ful shore Temp -  
 3. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! within thy por - tals high My

*mf*  
 fain would be a shar - er in thy joy - ful rest; And tho' unmurm'ring,  
 ta - tions cease and tri - als come to vex no more; While smarting here in  
 friends are passing one by one as years roll by; And lone - ly I shall

here I stay till Christ shall bid me come, Yet thou, O sa - cred cit - y,  
 heart and flesh beneath cor - rec - tions rod, I know a rest re - maineth  
 be on earth and long - ings will im - pel My spir - it to w' rds the place where

art my soul's true home. I cov - et not thy splendors, thy halls of dazzling  
 for the sons of God. I suf - fer here with Je - sus, but soon the fier - y  
 in my loved ones dwell. Those absent ones re - turn not, but I to them shall

grace, But O! to dwell with Je - sus and see him face to face.  
 test Will end, and I shall en - ter in - to his per - fect rest.  
 go, And find them crown'd with glory and pure as drift - ed snow.

# Homeland of the Blest.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *faster.*

I shall behold thee, cit- y of my King, And to his pierc-ed feet my trophies

bring, There with the blood-wash'd myriads I shall sing, "Glo-ry for ev - er to Je - sus."

41

## My Fatherland.

L. T. RIGHTSSELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My fa-therland, my heaven, The home for which I long, Tho' ab-sent and an  
2. My fa-therland, my heaven, Thy living streams are pure, Thy trees are ev - er  
3. My fa-therland, my heaven, I shall not cease to long For thee in all thy

CHORUS.

a - lien, My love for thee how strong!  
blooming, Thy walls they shall en-dure. } My fa-therland, my fatherland, I  
beau - ty, My love for thee how strong! }

lift mine eyes and see My home, my friends, my fatherland, When shall I en - ter thee?

MRS. C. H. M.

MATT. 23: 37.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

*May be used as a duet.*

1. "Ye would not come un - to me That ye might have life," Christ  
 2. This ver - y same Je - sus still, With heart fond and true, Is  
 3. O yield now, be - lov - ed one, Throw o - pen the door, Lest

mourn'd o'er Je - ru - sa - lem, With wick-ed-ness rife; Re - ject-ing his  
 mourn - ing, O broth-er mine, In love o - ver you. He will-eth the  
 griev'd he should turn a-way, To come back no more; Man's will he doth

proffered grace, Their Lord they de - nied, And turn'd from his love a - way,  
 death of none, But free - ly he gave Him-self as an of - fer - ing  
 nev - er break To save him from sin, The choice you must free-ly make

## CHORUS.

And him cru - ci - fied. }  
 This whole world to save. } O Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!  
 Sal - va - tion to win. }

How oft would I have gath-ered you, but ye would not, ye would not;



# “Ye Would Not.”—Concluded.

And I glad-ly would have sav-ed you, But I could not, for ye would not.

43

## He Is the Same.

M. J. H.

“The Sychar Song.”

MELVIN J. HILL.

1. I am ful - ly trusting Je - sus, E - ven when the sky is dark;  
 2. I am ful - ly trusting Je - sus, For his prom - ise I have tried;  
 3. Tho' he may not lead me al - ways In - to paths where I would go,

When the rays of light are hid - den, Then his love is in my heart.  
 He's my Par - a - clete and Guardian, Ev - er walking by my side.  
 Yet I'll trust his love and wis - dom, Fol - low on, his will to know.

### CHORUS.

Trust..... in his name,..... He..... is the same;.....  
 Trust in his name, he is the same, Ev - er the same, ev - er the same;

Now..... and for - ev - - er, He's al - ways the same.  
 Trust in his mer - its, be - lieve on his name,

## Not a Star in My Crown.

[Dedicated to MR. and MRS. A. D. GEORGE.]

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

JEAN HOWARD.

## DUET.

1. Shall I stand all a-lone in the king-dom of God, Not a  
 2. Shall I look o'er the fields, with their har-vest so white Where  
 3. Shall I stand all a-lone when my Lord com-eth down To

star in my heav-en-ly crown; While the faith-ful ones haste sheaves of  
 oth-ers were faith-ful and true; And know that an oth-er will  
 bring his glad king-dom be-low; Will but I, of the millions who

## CHORUS.

gladness to bring, Be-fore the dear Christ to lay down? }  
 reap the re-ward For toil that my hands fail'd to do? } A-lone, all a-lone,  
 welcome his call, Have naught for my life-work to show? }

when I kneel at his feet, Who died for my sins long a-go, long a-go, O

help me to save just a soul in thy name, And show forth thy love here below.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Weak and un-wor-thy tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Saviour died for me;  
 2. Wea-ry of sin, to him I came, And asked for par-don in his name;  
 3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Saviour nev-er more;

And I shall see his bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.  
 He heard, and now in his em-brace I live, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.  
 In heav'n he has prepared a place For me, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.

## CHORUS.

In glo - - - ry I shall see his face, His  
 In glo-ry I shall see his face, his bless-ed face, I shall

blessed face, his blessed face; In glo - - - ry I shall  
 see his bless-ed face, I shall see his bless-ed face; In glo-ry I shall see his

see his face..... For I'm a sin-ner sav'd by grace!  
 face, his bles-sed face,

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

2 Cor. 6: 1.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. This is our busi-ness dai - ly seek - ing for the lost, Workers to-  
 2. Children of God on earth are ev - er called to be Workers to-  
 3. Toil is a pleas-ure, and no work will be too hard, Workers to-

geth - er, work-ers to-geth-er, Partners with the Fa-ther, Son, and Holy  
 geth - er, work-ers to-geth-er, Call'd to give to men the gos- pel full and  
 geth - er, work-ers to-geth-er, In his fel-low-ship is found a full re-  
 gether with God, to-gether with God,

CHORUS.

Ghost, Workers to-gether with the Lord. }  
 free, Workers to-gether with the Lord. } This is the song God's  
 ward, Workers to-gether with the Lord. } This the song God's

hap - py children sing, "Workers to-gether" with the might-y King,  
 We are workers.

Workers to-gether, workers together, workers together with the blessed Lord.  
 work - ers, work-ers,

# Workers Together With God.—Concluded.

*rit.*

Workers to- geth- er, work- ers, work- ers, work- ers, work- ers, work- ers, with the Lord.

## 47 God Will Take Care of You.

Mrs C. D. MARTIN.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. Be not dis- mayed what- e' er be- tide, God will take care of you;  
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;  
3. All you may need he will pro- vide, God will take care of you;  
4. No mat- ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath his wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.  
When dangers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.  
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.  
Lean, wea - ry one, up - on his breast; God will take care of you.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev - ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you.  
take care of you.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

W. A. POST.

*With expression. Solo, or voices in unison.*

1. Far a-way he saw me in the paths of sin, By his lov - ing  
 2. Tho' at first I heed - ed not his gra - cious call— Would not make the  
 3. Now my soul is rest - ing on his faith - ful - ness, Look - ing to my

kindness sought my soul to win; Broke the chains that bound me, set my  
 bless - ed Lord my all in all, Still with ten - der pa - tience, knowing  
 Sav - iour ev - er near to bless; Heir of his sal - va - tion thro' a -

spir - it free, Gave his full sal - va - tion un - to "ev - en me."  
 ev - 'ry need, Je - sus in his mer - cy proved a friend in - deed.  
 bounding grace, Trust - ing in his goodness, I shall see his face.

## REFRAIN.

Far a - way he saw me in the paths of sin, By his love un -

*cres.* .....

fail - ing sought my soul to win, Far a - way he lov'd me; tuned my

# Far Away He Saw Me.—Concluded.

*cres.*.....

life to praise, Filled with joy and gladness all life's weary days.

49

## Jesus Only

E. NABON.

C. H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus on - ly, when the morn - ing, Beams up - on the path I tread;  
 2. Je - sus on - ly, when the bil - lows Cold and sul - len o'er me roll;  
 3. Je - sus on - ly, when a - dor - ing Saints their crowns before him bring;

Je - sus on - ly, when the dark - ness, Gathers round my wea - ry head.  
 Je - sus on - ly, when the trum - pet Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.  
 Je - sus on - ly, I will joy - ous, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges sing.

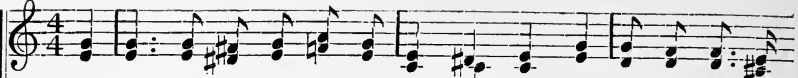
CHORUS.

Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, Let me see thy face di - vine,

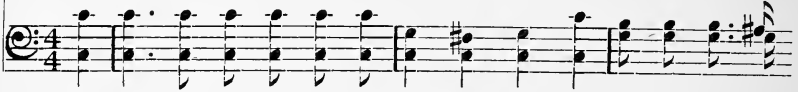
*ril.*.....  
 May my stubborn will be yield - ed, Ful - ly yield - ed, Lord, to thine.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Let those who've never known our Lord and King Go mourning all the
2. 'Tis heav'n within a sin-ner's heart to know His bur-den roll'd a -
3. The blood, the pre-cious blood of God's dear Son Is on my soul to -
4. Some day be-fore the great white throne we'll sing The hal-le - lu - jah



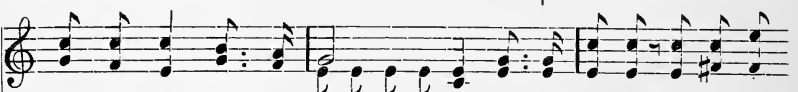
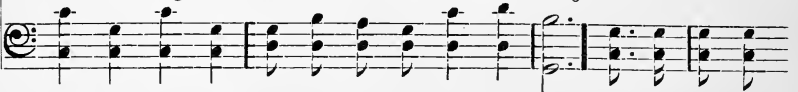
day, go mourn-ing all the day; But we've a song of joy we  
 way, his bur-den roll'd a - way; His sins like crim-son, made as  
 day, is on my soul to-day, And fears and doubtings from my  
 song, the hal - le - lu - jah song Of praise and hon - or to our



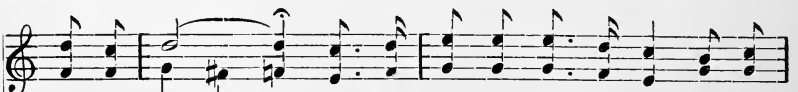
## CHORUS.



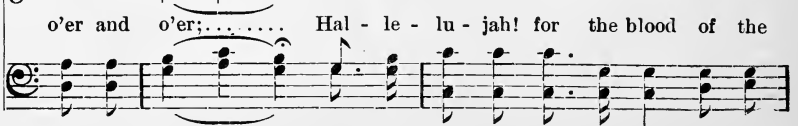
love to sing While pressing on our up-ward way.  
 white as snow, And Christ the Lord come in to stay.  
 heart have flown Since Je- sus wash'd my sins a - way. } Hal-le - lu - jah!  
 God and King With all the ransom'd blood-wash'd throng.



for the blood which re-deems us, Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll sing it  
 re-deems us from all sin,



o'er and o'er;..... Hal - le - lu - jah! for the blood of the





# The Hallelujah Song.—Concluded.

bless - ed Son of God, Hal - le - lu - jah! for - ev - er - more.

51

## Where Are Thy Sins?

CLARA J. DENTON.

MICAH 7: 18, 19.

H. L. GILMOUR.

*With feeling.*

1. Where are thy sins, O broth-er, where? Child of sor- row and des- pair,
2. Where are thy sins, O broth-er, pray? Not one mo-ment long-er stay,
3. Where are thy sins? O broth-er, see, Radiance beams from Calva- ry,
4. Yield now, O yield! my broth-er, dear Jesus speaks sweet words of cheer,

Dost thou still thy bur- dens bear? O bring them all to Je - sus.  
 He will speak thy sins a - way, O bring them all to Je - sus.  
 Par - don'd now, thy sins may be, O bring them all to Je - sus.  
 Joy will come in - stead of fear, Sur - ren - der all to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

"Who is a God like un - to thee, Par - don - eth all in - iq - ui - ty,

*ritard.*  
 Casteth our sins in the depths of the sea, Because he delighteth in mer - cy."

NEAL A. MOAULAY.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. Oh, the glo - ry that the Sav - iour, On his loved ones will be - stow,  
 2. Tho' in life they bore the bur - den, Tho' their way was rough and steep,  
 3. Here the faith - ful friends of Je - sus, Glad - ly serve their Lord and King;  
 1. Oh, the glo - ry that the Sav - iour, On his loved ones will be - stow,

When they strive to do his bid - ding In this life of toil be - low.  
 Tho' they here have sowed in sor - row Precious seed they soon shall reap.  
 Tell - ing out the sav - ing sto - ry, Need - y souls in love to bring.  
 When they strive to do his bid - ding In this life of toil be - low.

He will gra - cious - ly ex - alt them, On his throne of light a - bove;  
 From the val - leys of temp - ta - tion They shall rise to heights of peace,  
 So when we shall greet them yonder What a meet - ing that will be.  
 He will gracious - ly ex - alt them, On his throne of light above;

Highest bliss is now a - wait - ing, All who here en - joy his love.  
 To be - hold their King im - mor - tal, Where their joys shall nev - er cease.  
 They shall be with him for - ev - er, And his full - ness there shall see.  
 Highest bliss is now a - wait - ing, All who here en - joy his love.

# Like the Stars.—Concluded.

## CHORUS.

They shall chant the sav-ing sto - ry, On that bright e - ter-nal shore;  
They shall chant the saving sto-ry, On that bright e - ter-nal shore;

They shall shine in endless glo - ry, Like the stars for - ev - er more.  
They shall shine in endless glory, Like the stars for - ev - er more.

53

# Great is the Love of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirk; a rick.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Great is the love that bro't me, Out of the path of sin; Great is the
2. Great is the love that draws me, Near to my heav'nly Guide; Great is the
3. Great is the love that leads me, Safe-ly where'er I go; More of its
4. Great is the love pre-par - ing, Mansions of rest a - bove; There shall I

## CHORUS.

love that gave me, Pardon and peace within.  
love that keeps me, Close to his bleeding side.  
pow'r and greatness, Teach me, O Lord, to know. } Great is the love that saves me,  
know its full-ness, Wonderful, boundless love.

Saves me hour by hour; Wonderful love of Je - sus, Who can resist its pow'r.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

*Martial.*

1. With the cross of Christ go - ing on be - fore, We shall  
 2. See the won - drous cross with its arms of grace Reach - ing  
 3. For the cause we love we will dare and do, To the

win at length in this ho - ly war, And for vol - un - teers  
 far and wide to a sin - cursed race; To the north and south,  
 cross of Christ swear al - le - giance true; We will nev - er yield,

comes the call to - day, To the bat - tle's front who will  
 to the east and west, That the whole lost world may in  
 nor the work count done, Till the world for God by the

*rit.*.....

CHORUS.

baste a - way.  
 Christ be blest.  
 Cross is won. } With the cross of

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore,.....

We shall more than con-querers be In this ho - ly

*Harmony.*

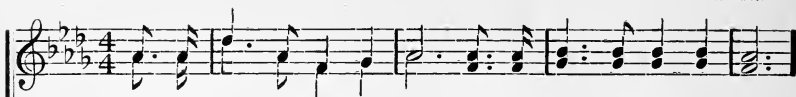
war..... Vic - to - ry our glad hearts sing!

Vic - to - ry for Christ our King! 'Round the whole world

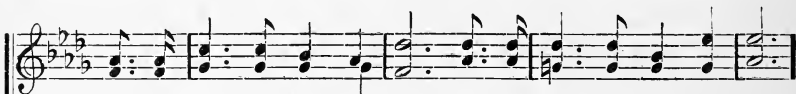
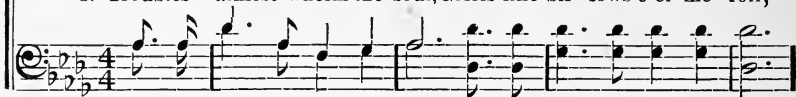
let it ring,.... Vic - to - ry ev - er - more!....

W. O. MARTIN.

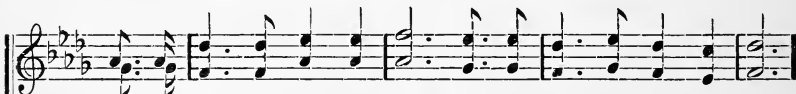
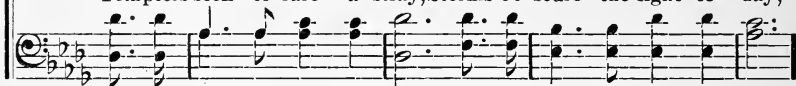
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,  
 2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep;  
 3. Troubles almost overwhelm the soul, Grievings like bil - lows o'er me roll;



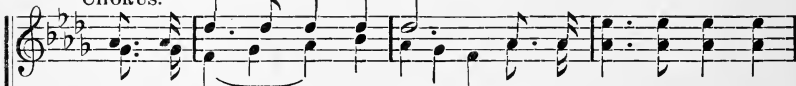
I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,  
 An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;  
 Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob - scure the light of day;



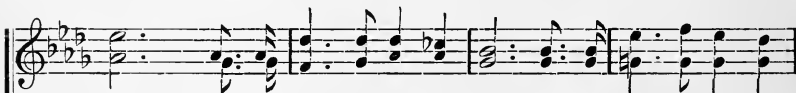
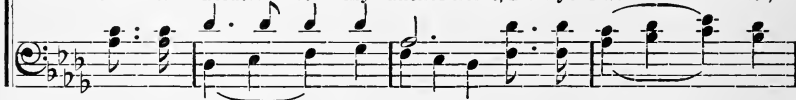
I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.  
 Still I stand the tem - pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.  
 I can face them and be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.



## CHORUS.



And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O  
 And it holds..... my anchor holds; Blow your wild - - - est,



gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er  
 then, O gale,



# My Anchor Holds.—Concluded.

fail, For my an - chor holds, my au - chor holds.  
For my anchor holds, it firm-ly holds,

## 57 When I Cross the Bar.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Be - yond the dang'rous sea of life, The heav'nly mansions lie;  
2. He knows the way I long to go, He rules the wind and wave;  
3. Life's shoals and currents can not harm; My Pi - lot's skill and love

And I must brave its dan - gers rife, If I would reach the sky.  
His hand can guide my ship, I know, His might-y pow'r can save.  
Will guide thro' darkness and thro' storm, Till an-chor'd safe a - bove.

And when I cross the rest - less sea, To reach my home a - far,  
On t'ward the ris - ing sun, I'll find, Where lands cel - es - tial are;  
And there up - on that bliss - ful shore, Where man - y man-sions are,

*ritard.*.....  
My Pi - lot on the ship must be, Be - fore I cross the bar.  
I'll leave the shadows all be - hind, When I have cross'd the bar.  
I'll praise my Pi - lot ev - er - more, With whom I cross'd the bar.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

## CONTRALTO SOLO.

1. We are gath - er - ing jew - els for the crown of our Lord, And no  
 2. We are gath - er - ing jew - els of great val - ue un - told, Far more  
 3. For I love him so dear - ly, this Re - deem - er of mine, All my

oth - er em - ploy - ment such deligh - ts could af - ford; At our feet they are  
 pre - cious than ru - bies, more than sil - ver or gold; They are blood - bought and  
 fond - est af - fec - tions now a - round him en - twine, And my heart will o'er -

ly - ing in the dust and the grime, If thro' grace we may find them in his  
 priceless, and how fearful the cost, If for want of our serv - ice these bright  
 flow if at the last I may see In his crown some bright jewels which are

## CHORUS.

crown they shall shine. }  
 jew - els be lost. } O then let us be bus - y in his work ev - 'ry day,  
 gath - ered by me. }

Let not one pre - cious moment unimproved pass away; For the Mas - ter is



# Gathering Jewels.—Concluded.

cer-tain all our toil to re-pay, Gath'ring gems for the crown of our Lord.

## 59 Sailing for Home, Sweet Home.

JAMES ROWE.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Once in the thun-der-ing break-ers, Doubting that help would come;
2. Once o-verwhelm'd with the tem-pest, Fear-ing that death was nigh;
3. Once in the dark-ness de-spair-ing, Hope and am-bi-tion gone;
4. Tri-als a-gain will o'ertake me, Tempests a-gain be-tide,

Now with my won-der-ful Sav-iour, Sail-ing for home, sweet home.  
 Now in the life-boat with Je-sus, Un-der a smil-ing sky.  
 Now with my Sav-iour re-joic-ing, Glad-ly I'm sail-ing on.  
 But with my Sav-iour, and Pi-lot, Safe will my soul a-bide.

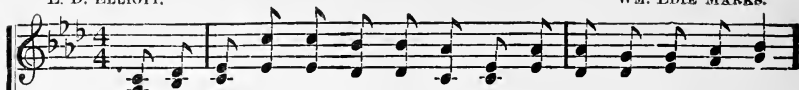
### CHORUS.

Sail-ing, sail-ing, O-ver the shin-ing foam; . . .  
 Sail-ing for home, sail-ing for home, shin-ing foam;

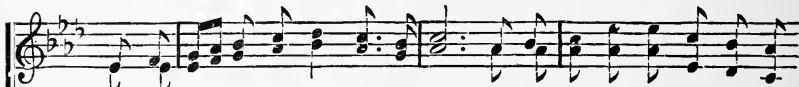
Joy-ful-ly praising my Sav-iour; Sail-ing for home, sweet home. . . .  
 for home, sweet home.

E. D. ELLIOTT.

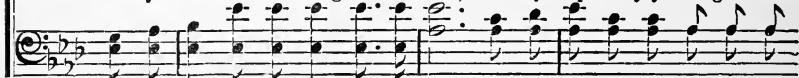
WM. EDIE MARKS.



1. I have tried to count his blessings, and I fail to un - derstand
2. Like an arm - y I be-hold them pass be-fore me in re-view,
3. Sure-ly goodness, love and mer - cy have been mine a - long life's way,



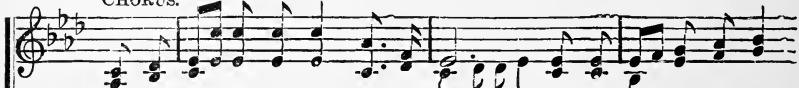
Why the Lord should so rich-ly reward; Could I count the stars of heaven,  
O what joy doth the sight now afford! Tho' they may be long in passing,  
And my weak heart to strength is restored; And my cup of joy and gladness



add to them earth's grains of sand, Still his blessings are more, praise the Lord!  
still they come, ba-talions new, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!  
keeps o'erflowing, day by day, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!



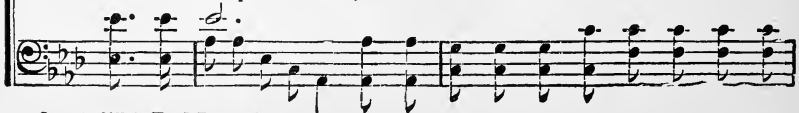
## CHORUS.



And the end is not yet, praise the Lord, And the end is not yet,  
praise the Lord,



praise the Lord; Blessings new he's still le - stowing, And my  
O praise the Lord;



# The End is Not Yet.—Concluded.

cup is o - ver - flowing, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!  
 O praise the Lord!

## 61 Shipwrecked, But Not Lost!

H. L. G.

(AN EFFECTIVE SOLO.)

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. O shipwrecked soul, far out on sin's dark wave, With no help near, no
2. O shipwrecked soul, no wave can drown the voice Of him who speaks to
3. O shipwrecked soul, he waits, with pitying eye Be-hold - ing thee; he'll
4. Shipwrecked, not lost beneath the crested wave, For Christ was near; that

life-line thrown to save; No boat to launch, no crew with courage brave; Thy  
 make thy soul rejoice; 'Midst tempest swirl, make Jesus now thy choice; Thy  
 hear thy helpless cry; O ven - ture now, trust ful - ly, he - is nigh; Thy  
 Gal - i - le - an brave, Who holds a scap - tre in his hand, will save; Thy

*ritard*..... CHORUS.

on - ly help is Je - sus. Jesus has conquer'd the storm-toss'd sea, Walked the wild

*ritard.*

billows of Gal-ilee; He is the Saviour for thee, and me: Jesus, only Je - sus.

## The Clouds Will Clear Away.

E. E. HEWITT.

M. PAULINE GILMOUR HATCH.

1. There's a gold - en ray thro' the fall - ing rain, For the sun will  
 2. Let a song of joy cheer the darken'd hours; 'Mid the bri - ars  
 3. We will sweet - ly rest in the ten - der love Of the King who  
 4. Far be - yond the blue there's a home of peace, Where the storm - y

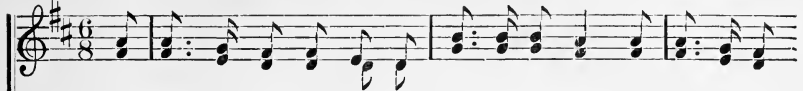
shine a - gain; There's a streak of blue thro' the mist - y gray,  
 look for flow'rs; Let the heart be strong in the Lord to - day,  
 reigns a - bove; If we trust his care, and his word o - bey,  
 winds will cease; In the fade - less glow of that per - fect day

CHORUS.

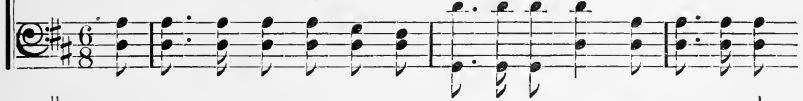
For the clouds will clear a - way.  
 For the clouds will clear a - way. } O the clouds will clear a-way,  
 Soon the clouds will clear a - way. }  
 All the clouds will clear a - way.

by and by, And the sun-beams flood the sky; Look up to

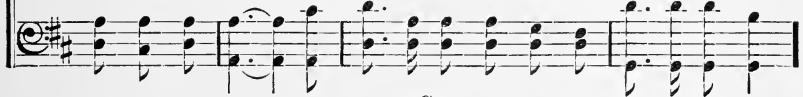
heav'n with a trust - ful eye, For the clouds will clear a-way, by and by.



1. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak-eth my
3. With num - ber - less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness trans-port - ed I rise To meet him in



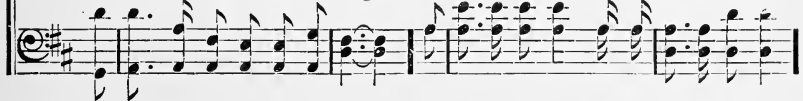
Sav - iour to me; He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
 bur - den a - way, He ho'l-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,  
 ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God  
 clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, his won - der - ful love,



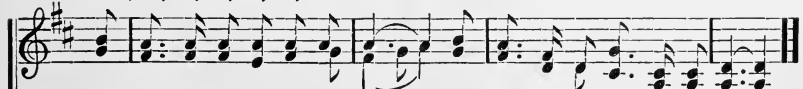
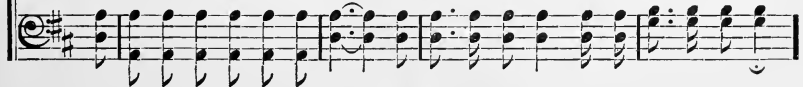
## CHORUS.



Where riv - ers of pleasure I see.  
 He giveth me strength as my day.  
 For such a Redeemer as mine! } He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
 I'll shout with the millions on high.



That shadws a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his love,

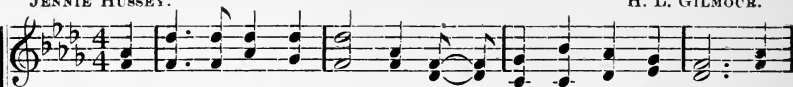


And covers me there with his hand, And cov-ers me there with his hand.



JENNIE HUSSEY.

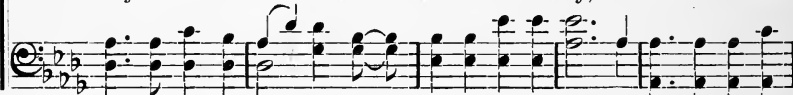
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Re - vi - val flames are kindling, In the hearts of sin - ful men; And
2. Now en - ter, Ho - ly Spir - it, And cleanse my in - most soul; O
3. The hay, and chaff, and stubble Must be all consumed a - way; There's



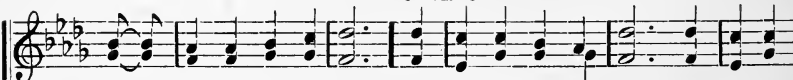
souls once dead in sinning, Thro' the Spir - it live a - gain; O let the fire sweep touch my lips this moment As with a liv - ing coal; Then send me un - to on - ly one foun - da - tion That will stand the fire to - day, Then let me warn the



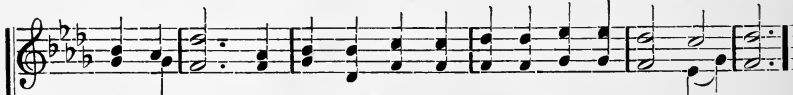
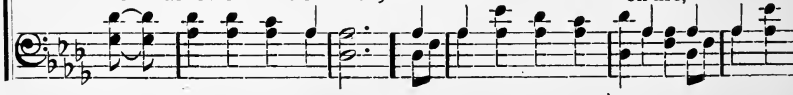
on - ward O'er this land from sea to sea: Lord, send a great re - vi - val, oth - ers Thy mes - sage to con - vey; For dy - ing, souls around me sin - ful Now to make their building sure, Upon the Rock, Christ Je - sus



## CHORUS.



And the work be - gin in me. } Lord, set my heart on fire, With ho - ly  
Must be reach'd with - out delay. }  
Which shall ev - er - more endure. }



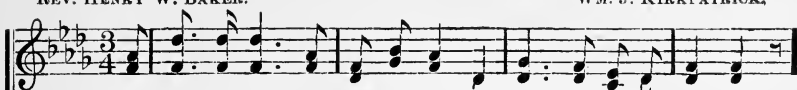
zeal in - spire; And make the world's re - vi - val my su - preme de - sire.  
in - spire,



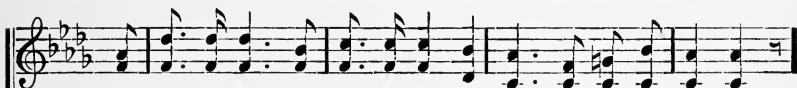
## The King of Love.

REV. HENRY W. BAKER.

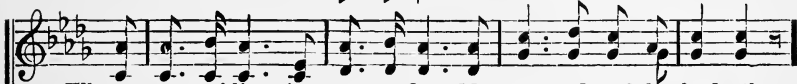
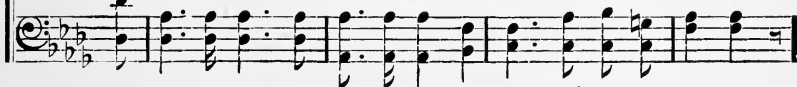
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



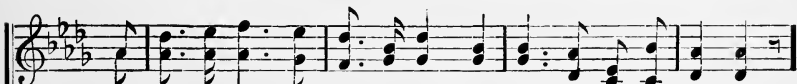
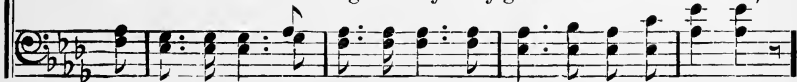
1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth nev - er;
2. Per-verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in love he sought me,
3. Thou spread'st a ta - ble in my sight, Thy unc-tion grace bestow - eth,



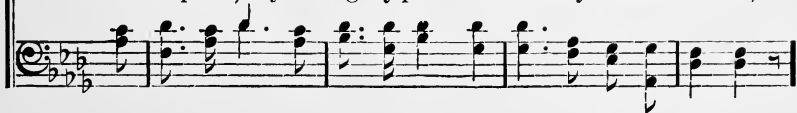
I noth-ing lack if I am his, And he is mine for - ev - er.  
 And on his shoul-der gen-tly laid, And home, re - joic-ing, bro't me.  
 And O what trans-port of delight, From thy pure chalice flow-eth!



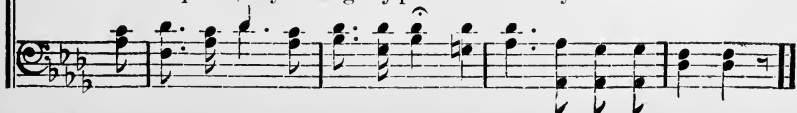
Where streams of liv - ing wa-ters flow, My ransomed soul he lead-eth,  
 In death's dark vale I fear no ill With thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
 And so thro' all the length of days Thy good-ness fail - eth nev - er;

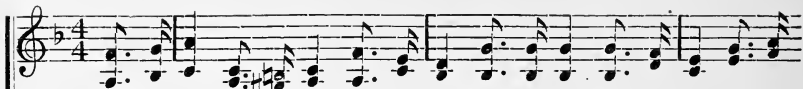


And where the ver-dant pastures grow, With food ce - les-tial feed-eth,  
 The rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me,  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise With-in thy house for - ev - er,



And where the verd-ant pas-tures grow, With food ce - les-tial feed-eth.  
 The rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise Within thy house for - ev - er.

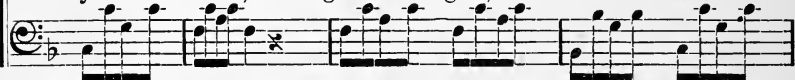




1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je-sus for



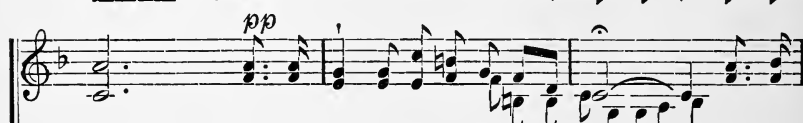
his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side with the Spir-it to guide, Just to  
 Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to  
 my dear-est friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain. True and



## CHORUS.



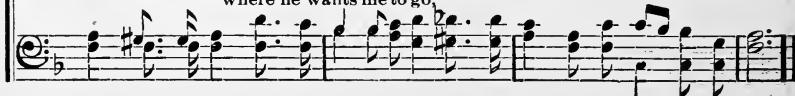
fol - low where he leads the way. } Just to say what he wants me to  
 lean on his bos-om and rest. } what he  
 faithful he'll be to the end. }



say, And be still when he whispers to me, ..... Just to  
 wants me to say, when he whispers to me;



go where he wants me to go, ..... Just to be what he wants me to be.  
 where he wants me to go.





1. In the light of truth e - ter - nal I approach my Lord;  
 2. Tongue and pen have ne'er de - pict - ed Matchless love di - vine;  
 3. In be - hold - ing there the nail - prints, Looking on his side,  
 4. I have heard his "who - so - ev - er," And, a - mong that throng,

I ac - cept his proffered mer - cy, Trust - ing in his word.  
 Wondrous tho't, sub - li - mer, deep - er, Than we can de - fine.  
 Tears of love and joy I min - gle, That for me he died.  
 Will, thro' one e - ter - nal mor - row, Sing re - demp - tion's song.

## CHORUS.

Glad - ly my voice shall ech - o his prais - es, Je - sus the

King of kings,..... Joy in its full - ness,  
 glo - rious King of kings,

peace in a - bun - dance, Un - to my heart he brings....

MRS. C. H. M.  
DUET.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield-ed; I would be  
 2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wea-ry, The dark-some  
 3. Thy pre-cious will, O conqu'ring Sav-iour, Doth now em-  
 4. Shut in with thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, My way-ward

thine and thine a-lone; And this the pray'r... my lips are  
 path hath drear-y grown, But now a light.... has ris'n to  
 brace and com-pass me; All dis-cords hush'd... my peace a  
 feet no more to roam; What pow'r from thee ..... my soul can

*rit.*.....

CHORUS.

bring-ing, "Lord, let in me thy will be done." } Sweet will of God, still  
 cheer me; I find in thee my Star, my Sun.  
 riv-er, My soul a prison'd bird, set free.  
 sev-er? The cen-tre of God's will my home.

fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee, Sweet will of

God still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee.

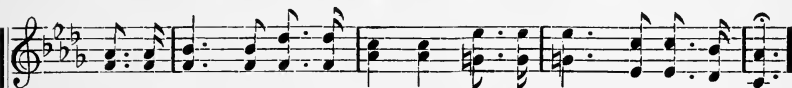
M. J. H.

To Dr. C. W. Winchester.

MELVIN J. HILL.



1. There's a Sav - iour who's al-migh-ty, He will guide my steps a-right.
2. As I trav - el toward that cit - y Of whose joys I long to prove;
3. As he spake to trembling Pe - ter, Christ re - peat - eth "Come" to me,
4. All my doubts are gone for - ev - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied,



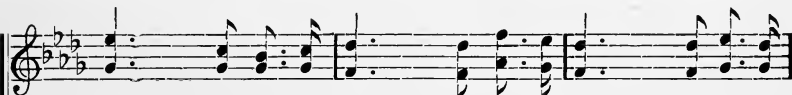
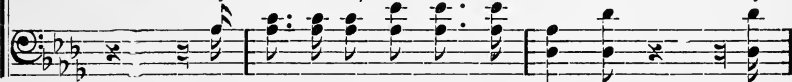
In the way that he di - rect - eth I have faith, tho' lacking sight.  
 My sup - port is grace su - per - nal, My un - err - ing coun - sel, love.  
 And the bil - lows shall not harm you; Wherefore doubtest thou? Saith, he.  
 For Om - nip - o - tence enrills me, Wondrous pres - ence de'ih a - bide.



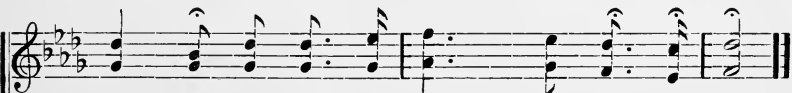
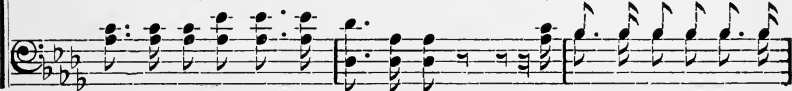
## CHORUS.



My hand in his, I'll tread the bil - lows, My hand in  
 My hand in his, My



his, I'll brave the storm, My hand in his, he'll take me  
 hand in his, I'll brave the fierc - est storm, My hand in his, he'll take me



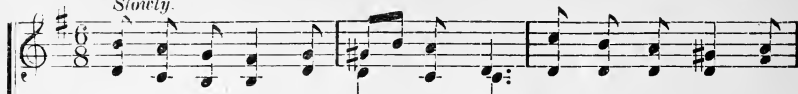
o - ver I need not fear, nor have a - larm.  
 safe - ly o'er, ev - er fear,



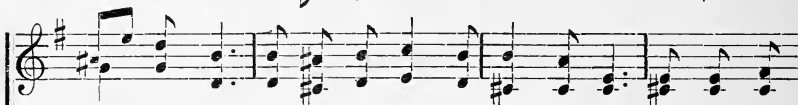
## Wait On the Lord.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

JEAN HOWARD.

*Slowly.*

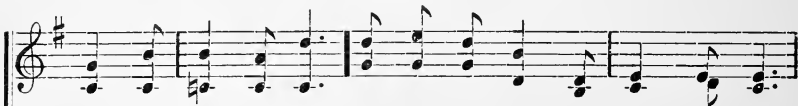
1. Wait on the Lord, O soul be still, In si - lence thou shalt  
 2. Wait on the Lord, and ques - tion not What - e'er may be thy  
 3. Wait on the Lord, O soul be still, His per - fect love thy



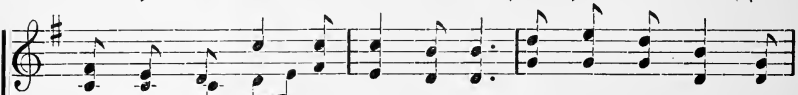
learn his will, Thy heart's de - sire he well doth know, His best on  
 dai - ly lot, Thy emp - ty ves - sel glad - ly bring Un - to the  
 heart shall fill, In sweet com - mun - ion thou shalt hear The voice of



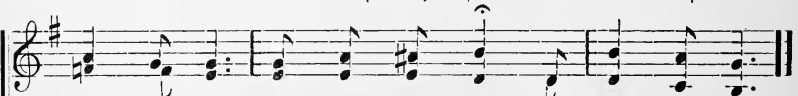
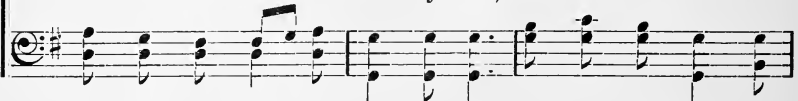
## CHORUS.



thee God will be - stow. }  
 nev - er - fail - ing spring. } Wait on the Lord, be still, be still,  
 Christ, thy friend so dear. }



O hin - der not his ho - ly will, Wait on the Lord and



thou shalt know The joy of heav'n, on earth be - low.

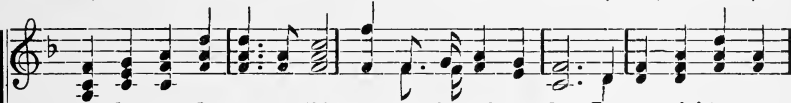
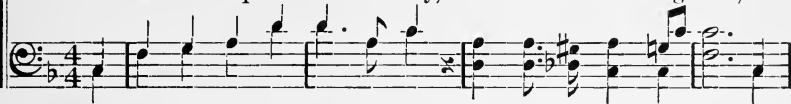


MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

*Solo, or Unison.*

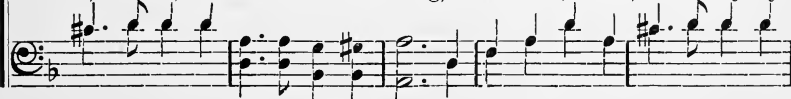
1. The Shepherd sought his wand'ring sheep, Out in the drear-y way, O'er
2. The Fa-ther sought his wand'ring child, Out in the sin-ful way, From
3. I was the sheep that went a-stray, I was the wand'ring child, I



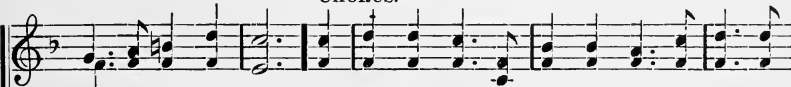
moor and crag and torrents wild, Searching from day to day; From wounded feet we  
love and home and friendship sweet, His child has gone astray; Out in the bus-y  
wan-dered on un-think-ingly, Out in the des-ert wild; He found me wounded,



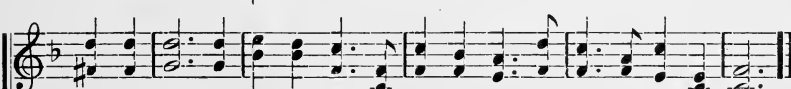
may behold His blood mark on the ground, He press-es on thro' heat and cold, Un-  
haunts of men, Where depths of sin abound, Un-ces-ing-ly he seeks each day, Un-  
sick, and sad, The march was hard and long, He sav'd me, fed me, and to-day My



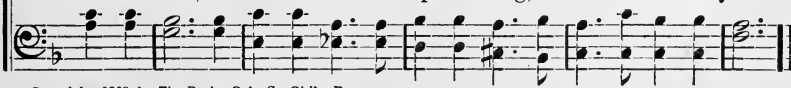
## CHORUS.



til the lost is found. )  
til the lost is found. ) The Lord brings back his own a-gain, O sing with  
heart is fill'd with song. )



heart and voice, The courts of heav'n with praises ring, The host a-bove re-joice.



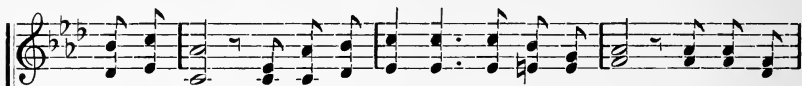
REV. P. H. CLIFFORD.

May be used as Solo, or Duet, and Chorus.

REV. WM. STONE.



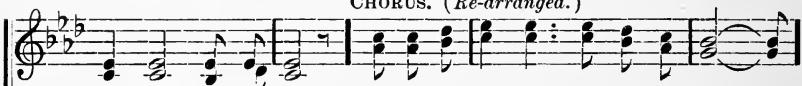
1. The face of Je - sus, to me most dear, With-in the glo - ry shall
2. A light, a shad-ow, then I shall see A face the sweetest of
3. O glorious pros-pect, Christ's face to see! A joy transcendant, e -



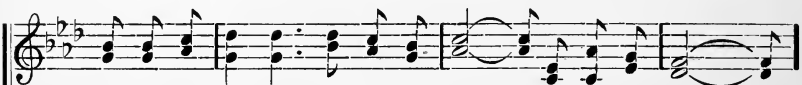
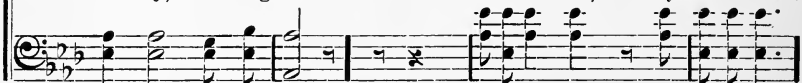
soon ap-pear; The hope it giv-eth my heart doth cheer, While I am  
all to me; The face of Je - sus, who on the tree Did shed his  
ter - nal - ly! The thought that like him I then shall be Is dai - ly



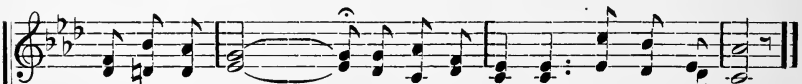
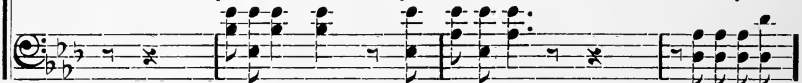
## CHORUS. (Re-arranged.)



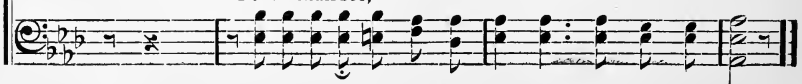
wait - ing, wait-ing here. } O face of Je - sus, my Sav-iour dear!  
pre - cious blood for me. }  
dai - ly, moulding me! } Face of Je - sus, my Saviour dear!



O hope that fill-eth my heart with cheer! His love-ly face  
Hope that fill-eth my heart with cheer! His lovely face



I soon shall see, . . . . . And in his like-ness transformed I'll be.  
I soon shall see,



JAMES ROWE.

HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. With Je - sus my Lord all the way I am go - ing, Be - cause his sweet
2. He light - ens my cares and he shares all my sor - row; What - ev - er I
3. I'm close to the side that for sin - ners was riv - en; The love of my



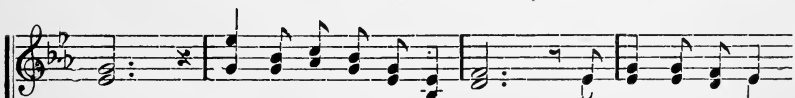
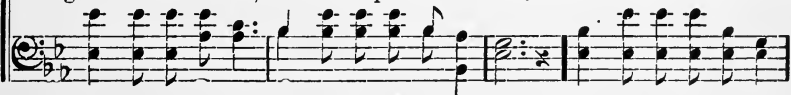
love all my heart is o'er - flow - ing; My faith in his grace to the  
 need from his love I can bor - row; He gives me, each day, strength and  
 soul to my Sav - iour I've giv - en, And, now I am sure he will



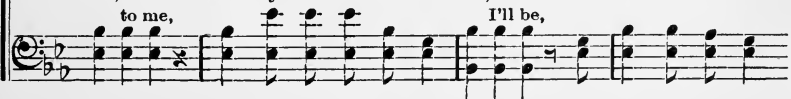
## CHORUS.



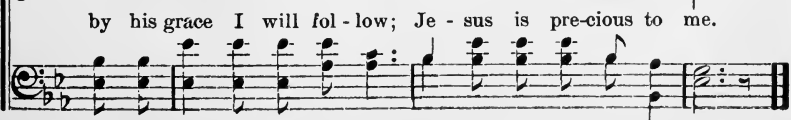
world I am showing, Je - sus is precious to me. }  
 hope for the morrow, Je - sus is precious to me. } Je - sus is precious to  
 guide me to heaven, Je - sus is precious to me. }



me, Al - ways his lov - er I'll be, Wher - ev - er he leads  
 to me, I'll be,

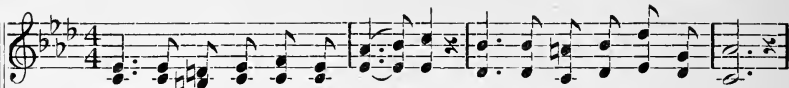


by his grace I will fol - low; Je - sus is pre - cious to me.

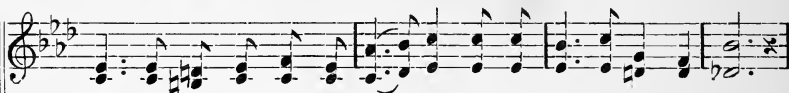


L. F. J.

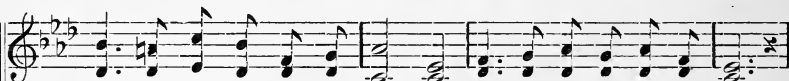
LYMAN F. JACKSON.



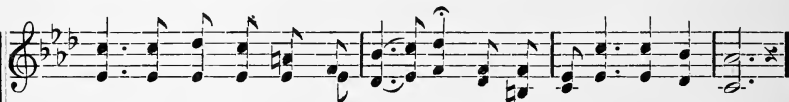
1. Is thy heart by sin now burden'd? Does its pow'r thy peace annoy?
2. If thy heart has been dis-cour-aged And thy hopes oft blighted been;
3. If thy path thro' life is shadowed By the cloud of deep-est grief;



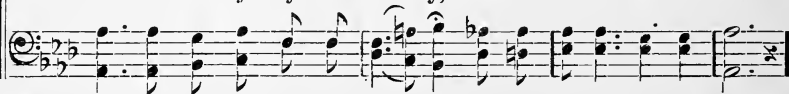
Do the fet-ters it has fashion'd Tru-est lib-er-ty de-destroy?  
 If in struggling for the vic-t'ry You have met de-feat a-gain;  
 If thy heart is bow'd with bur-dens And it seems there's no re-lief;



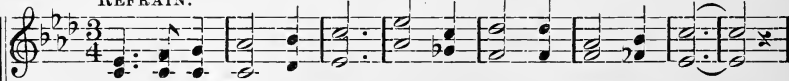
There's a fountain for thy cleansing; There's re-fin-ing for thy dross;  
 Still is true the Saviour's prom-ise To redeem the soul from loss;  
 Be as-sured of cer-tain com-fort, In thy ev-'ry grief and loss;



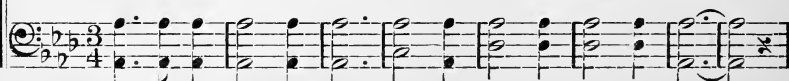
There is rest and peace and par-don Thro' the mer-it of the cross.  
 Prove it now by simp-ly trust-ing In the mer-it of the cross.  
 It is found by way of Cal-v'ry, Thro' the vir-tue of the cross.



## REFRAIN.



Out of the land of sor-row, Of tri-al, grief and loss;





# Out of the Land of Sorrow.—Concluded.

Out of thy dark temp-ta-tions The way leads by the cross;  
 Out of the des-ert bar-ren, Where not a hope can bud,  
 There is a way to peace and joy, But the way is mark'd by blood.

*rall.*.....

75

## We Shall Be Like Him.

E. E. HEWITT.

MELVIN J. HILL.

- Precious words to Christians sweet, Sit-ting at the Mas-ter's feet,
- May this hope, this keen de-sire, Like a new-ly kin-dled fire
- Keep me, Lord, be-neath the tide Pour-ing from thy wound-ed side;
- Let thy will in me be wrought, Quick-en, pu-ri-fy each thought;
- There, O there, thy face I'll see, Sing the love that died for me,

Drink-ing from the streams of grace, Long-ing to be-hold his face.  
 Burn with-in, a heav'n-ly glow, More and more like him to grow.  
 Hour-ly 'neath the crim-son flow, Make me whit-er than the snow.  
 Let my words and acts be love, Em-blems of that home a-bove.  
 Wear a robe of spot-less white, Walk in ev-er-last-ing light.

## Honey In the Rock For All.

Mrs. C. H. M.

(Psalms 81: 16.)

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Once my wea-ry heart peace and com-fort sought, And the streams of worldly
2. In the paths of sin have you wea-ry grown? From its bondage would you
3. O the price-less gift of a Sav-iour's love! Mon-ey nev-er could its
4. Broth-er, taste and see that the Lord is good; For his won-der-ful sal-

pleas-ure tried, There I deeply drank but to thirst the more, Now a Sav-iour's  
 now be free? Have you felt that peace has for-ev-er flown? Taste the honey  
 rich-ness buy; Best of all on earth and in heav'n above, It a-lone can  
 vation call; Feast your famished soul with the heavenly food, There is hon-ey

## CHORUS.

love has sat-is-fied.  
 from the rock and see.  
 ev-er sat-is-fy.  
 in the rock for all.

} There is hon-ey in the rock for all, O hear it

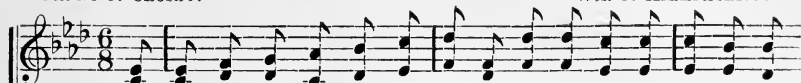
broth-er, Hon-ey in the rock for all, for all; Without money come and

buy, It will ful-ly sat-is-fy, And there's hon-ey in the rock for all.


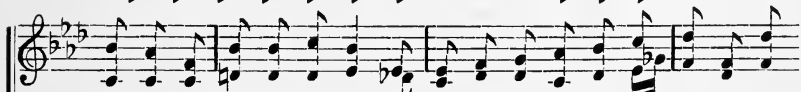
## Calling for You.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

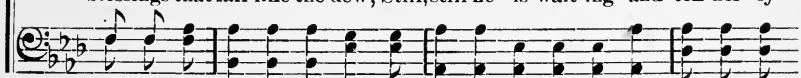
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



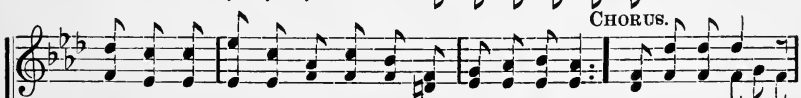
1. O come to the Sav-our, his arms are ex-tend-ed, O come to the  
 2. O come to the Sav-our, for why will you wander? The world and its  
 3. A - way to the fountain, the life-giv-ing fountain, Its soul-cheering  
 4. A - way, for the shad-ows of night are approaching, Then lose not his


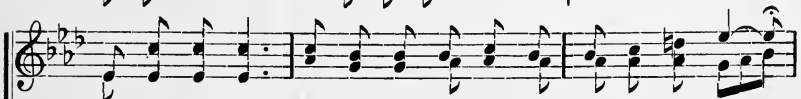
Sav-our so lov-ing and true; Be-hold, he is call-ing in ten-der com-  
 pleasures no lon-ger pur-sue; A-gain he is call-ing: how can you re-  
 waters your strength will renew; Then come while the day-beams of mercy are  
 blessings that fall like the dew; Still, still he is wait-ing and ten-der-ly



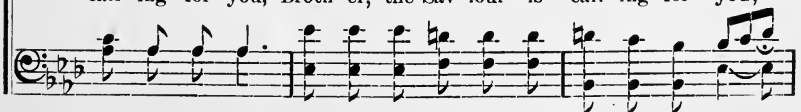
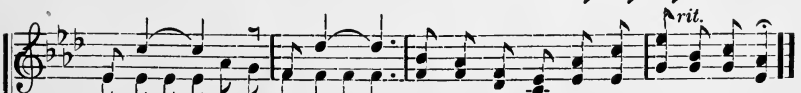
CHORUS.



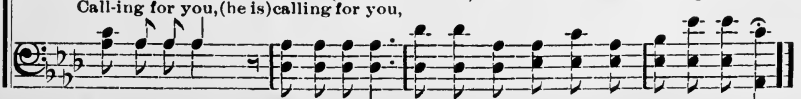
pas-sion! O brother, the Sav-our is call-ing for you. (he is)  
 ject him? O brother, the Sav-our is call-ing for you. } Calling for you,  
 shin-ing, O brother, the Sav-our is call-ing for you.  
 call-ing, O brother, the Sav-our is call-ing for you.

call-ing for you, Broth-er, the Sav-our is call-ing for you;

Call-ing, . . . . call-ing, . . . . Brother, the Sav-our is calling for you.  
 Call-ing for you, (he is) calling for you, *rit.*

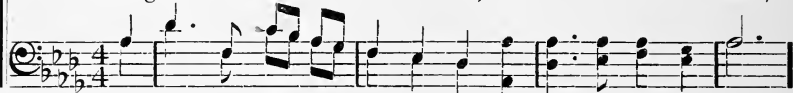


MRS. C. H. M.

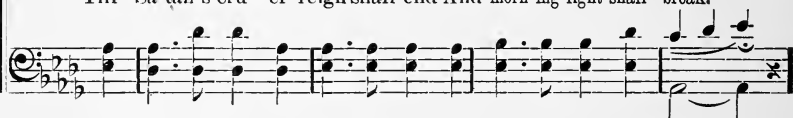
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



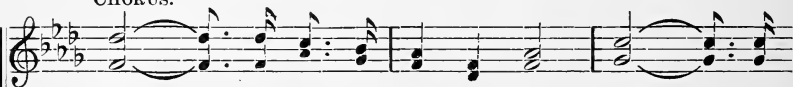
1. Re - vive thy work Al-might-y God In ev - 'ry wait-ing heart;
2. With ho - ly unc-tion from a - bove Touch thou our lips of clay,
3. Ex-change our weak-ness for thy strength, Make us as li - ons bold,
4. A great world-wide re - vi - val send, And hell's foundations shake,



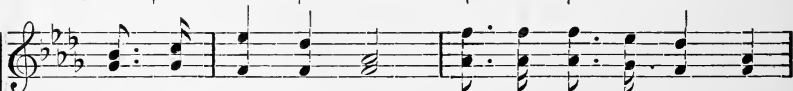
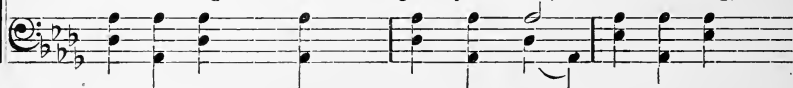
The pen - te - cost - al pow'r of old To each and all im - part.  
 And send us forth with hearts of love To seek the lost a - stray.  
 Un - til thro'out earth's breadth and length The gos-pel news is told.  
 Till Sa-tan's cru - el reign shall end And morn-ing light shall break.



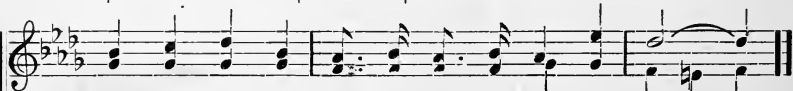
## CHORUS.



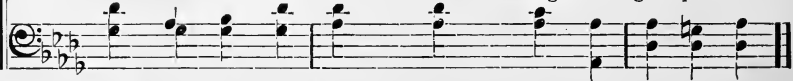
All . . . . . a - long the gos - pel line, All . . . . . a -  
 All a - long the gos - pel line, All a - long,



long the gos - pel line; Let re - vi - val fires be  
 the gos - pel line;

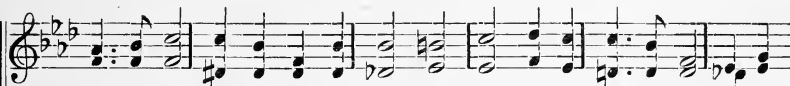
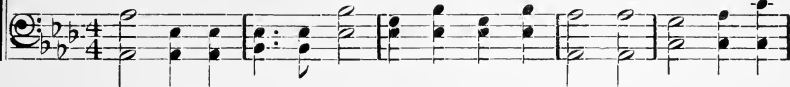


bright - ly burn - ing All a - long the gos - pel line . . . . .  
 All a - long the gos - pel line.





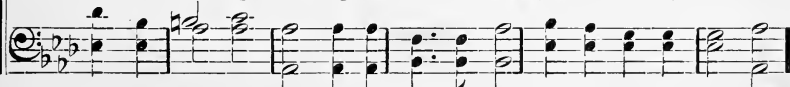
1. Je - sus, I come to thee, kneeling low be - fore thee; I would my
2. Long sin has rul'd my heart, rob - bing me of bless - ing; Long has thy
3. Sin led me 'gainst thy love, long my heart to hard - en; Now for my
4. Long has my wil - ful - ness been thy great heart pain - ing; Long has the



sins confess, and thine own re - store thee; Thy promise is my plea, naught have  
mer - cy plead, warn - ing and ca - res - sing; Long has my stubborn will kept me  
guilt I pray un - de - serv - ed par - don; And tho' I kept thee long at my  
guilt of sin been my sad heart stain - ing; But in cou - tri - tion deep, come I



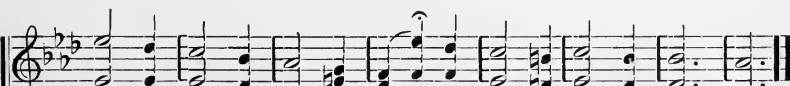
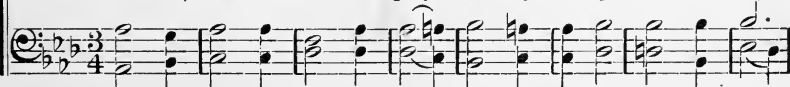
I to ren - der; And for thy love to me, I my sins sur - ren - der.  
from o - bey - ing; Now at thy wounded feet, I my life am lay - ing.  
heart's door standing, I now would yield the love thy love is de - mand - ing.  
now con - fess - ing, Pleading with - out a plea, grant to me thy bless - ing.



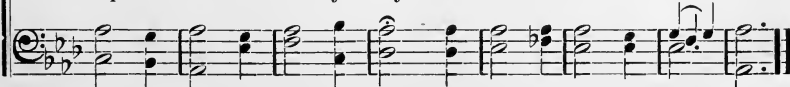
## CHORUS.



Sav - iour, hear me while I pray! Take my man - y sins a - way!



Help me from this ho - ly day To love and serve thee ev - er.



MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. "By faith" God's hosts march out to battle, For the right a-against the wrong,  
 2. "By faith" we bear the cross with Je-sus, To the har-vest field we go,  
 3. "By faith" we seek the heav'nly cit - y, Seek a man-sion o - ver there,

Be-neath the precious blood-stained banner Hear them sing the vic-tor's song;  
 "By faith," shall be our daily watchword, As we seek God's will to know;  
 And if by faith we gain the vic-to-ry, We at last a crown shall wear;

Be-fore them is the Lord their Captain, In their hand the Spir-it's sword,  
 The faith that shook the walls of Jer-i-cho, Conquered giants in the way,  
 "By faith" we see our Sav-iour coming With the bright angel - ic host,

And yet above them nev-er slumb'ring, Is the ev - er watchful eye of God.  
 That gave the men of God such courage Is the faith God's children need to-day.  
 We see his grand e - ter - nal triumph, And by faith in him we make our boast.

## CHORUS.

"By faith" God's hosts march out to battle For the right a-against the wrong,

# “By Faith.”—Concluded.

Beneath the precious blood-stain'd banner, Hear them sing the victor's song.

81

## Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeem'd how I love to pro-claim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in his beau - ty, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing, In yonder bright mansion for me;

Redeem'd thro' his infinite mer - cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.  
 I know that the light of his pres-ence With me doth continu-al-ly dwell.  
 I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.  
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.  
 And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

CHORUS.

Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb.  
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, His child and for-ev - er I am.  
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

MRS. C. H. M.

ST. JOHN 10: 9.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Out on the mount-ain - way steep, Je - sus is call - ing his sheep,  
 2. It is the Sav - iour of men, call - ing a - gain and a - gain,  
 3. Wonder - ful Shep - herd of all, glad - ly we come at thy call,

"I am the door of the sheep-fold, I am the Shep-herd so true;"  
 "En - ter ye in by the Christ-door, for there is no oth - er way."  
 Breathing a wel - come to sin - ners stand-eth the door o - pen wide;

Why will ye wan - der a - way, out on the hills far a - stray,  
 Ye who are hun - gry and cold, stray - ing a - far from the cold,  
 Friendless and hun - gry no more, en - ter we in by the door,

When there is wel - come and shel - ter ev - er a - wait - ing for you?  
 Lis - ten to - day to his plead - ings, hear ye his voice and o - be.  
 Here to be shel - tered and nur - tured, ev - er with thee to a - bide.

## CHORUS.

"I am the door, the door of the sheep-fold, If an - y man by me en - ter in,



## "I Am the Door."—Concluded.

He shall go in and out and find pasture, He shall be sav'd from all of his sin."

## 83 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Pre - cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest up - on his prom - ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."  
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.  
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.  
 And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

### CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.

*p*  
 Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.

## Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so precious to  
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a  
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my

him as our love, Soft-ly he whis-pers wher-ev - er thou art,  
 gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,  
 keep-ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound-ing is mine to im - part,

## CHORUS.

"Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."  
 Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."  
 Make full sur-ren-der and give me thy heart." } "Give me thy heart,

*p*  
 Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher-ev - er thou art; From this dark

*Rit.*  
 world, he would draw thee a - part, Speaking so ten-der-ly, "Give me thy heart."

BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the  
 2. Ev - 'ry heav - y bur - den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and  
 3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je - sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing  
 4. Wea - ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow

jour - ny, is there none to care? Cour - age, way - worn trav - 'ler,  
 wea - ry? Je - sus has a care; Well he knows the path - way  
 problems which he can ex - plain; Serve him where he sends you  
 rug - ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu - ture

heed your Lord's com - mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je - sus understands.  
 o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil - grim, Je - sus understands.  
 though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques - tion, Je - sus understands.  
 in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus understands.

*D. S.*—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus understands.

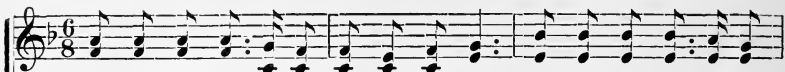
## CHORUS.

Yes, he un - der - stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he  
 O yes, O hear,

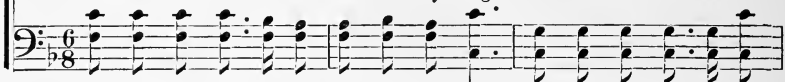
calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



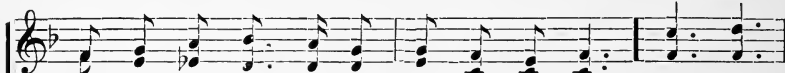
1. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my Sav-iour, sal -
2. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keeping me safe-ly, He
3. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but
4. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: cheer-ful-ly sing Loud hal-le - lu - ias to



va-tion af-fords; Gives me His Spir - it a wit - ness with - in,  
 cast-eth out fear; Trusting His prom-is - es, how I am blest;  
 now it is day; Beau-ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see,  
 Je - sus, my King! Ran-som'd and par-don'd, re - deem'd by His blood,



## REFRAIN.



Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin. Sav'd, sav'd,  
 Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.  
 Je - sus in bright-ness re - veal'd un - to me.  
 Cleans'd from un - right - eous-ness, glo - ry to God.



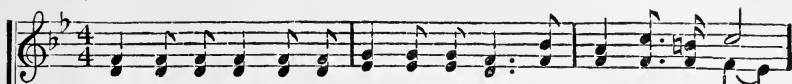
sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Sav'd, sav'd, by pow-er divine; Sav'd, sav'd,



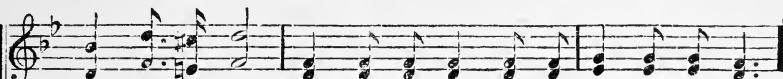
sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus, the Sav-iour, is mine.



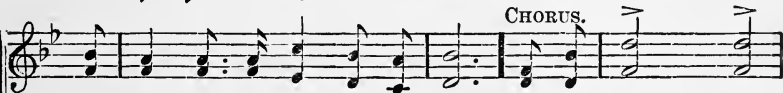
L. E. J.



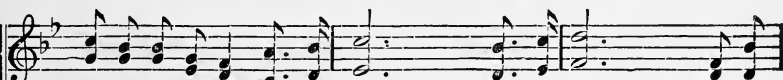
1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's power in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's power in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's power in the blood,
4. Would you do ser - vice for Jesus your King? There's power in the blood,



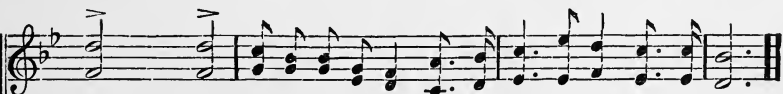
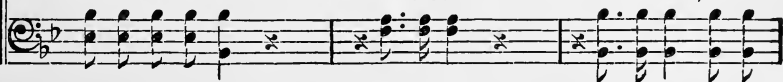
power in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?  
 power in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to cal - va - ry's tide,  
 power in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,  
 power in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, his prais - es to sing?



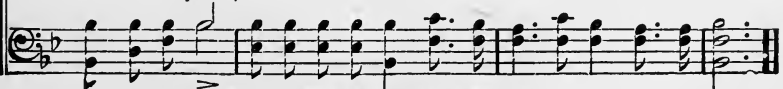
There's won - der - ful power in the blood. There is power, power,  
 There is power,



Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is  
 in the blood of the Lamb,



power, power, Wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.  
 There is power,



W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow. p*

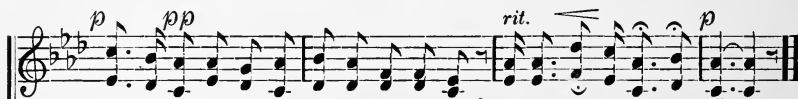
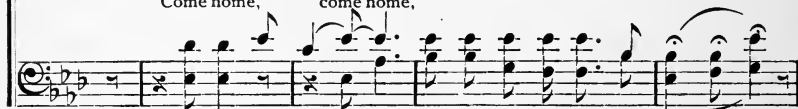
1. Soft - ly and tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;



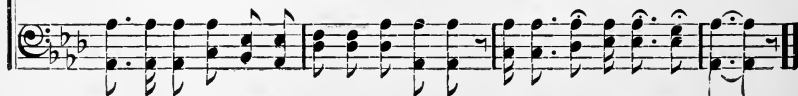
See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me.  
 Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par-don, Pardon for you and for me.

*m* CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;....  
 Come home, come home,



Earnestly, tender-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

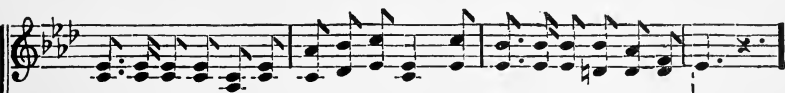


C. H. M.

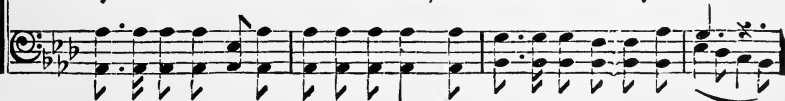
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



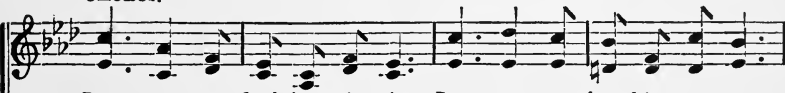
1. If you are tired of the lead of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;



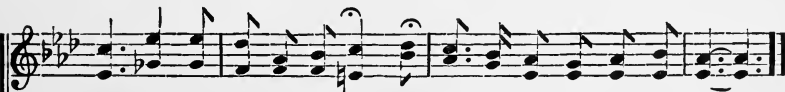
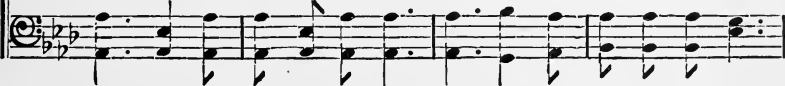
If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.  
 If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.



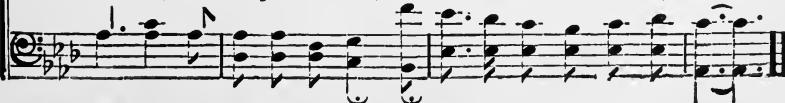
## CHORUS.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;  
*5th v.* Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more;



Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Jo - sus come in - to your heart.  
 Just now, I o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

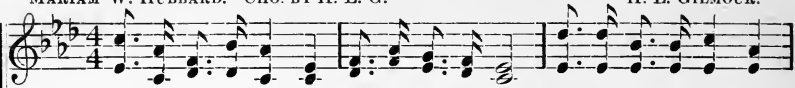


## "Walk Ye in the Old Paths."

Dedicated to Rev. Eugene A. Robinson, Pitman Grove, N. J.

MARIAM W. HUBBARD. CHO. BY H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.



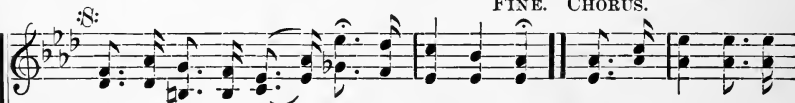
1. "Walk ye in the old paths," that your fathers trod, Fol - low in their foot-steps
2. "Walk ye in the old paths," like the saints of yore, With the blood-stain'd banner
3. "Walk ye in the old paths," nar - row is the way Lead - ing to the cit - y
4. "Walk ye in the old paths!" for - ward is the word, Step and shout to - geth - er



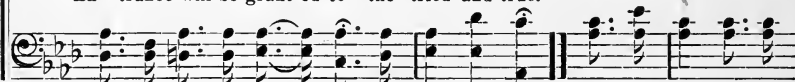
to your mother's God; Take the dear old Bi - ble, ev - 'ry word you see  
they so glad - ly bore; Nev - er dream'd of shirk - ing, nev - er were dismay'd,  
of E - ter - nal Day; Proph - ets, saints and martyrs hal - low'd as they trod,  
all of one ac - cord; When the tow'ring cit - y ris - es to our view,



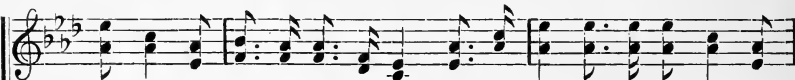
## FINE. CHORUS.



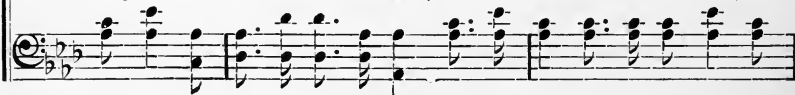
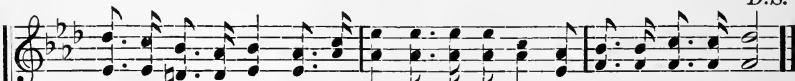
Brings the gos - pel message taught at mother's knee.  
With their conq'ring Captain they were not a - fraid. } 'Twas the faith of the  
Toil - ing in the good old paths were true to God.  
En - trance will be grant - ed to the tried and true.



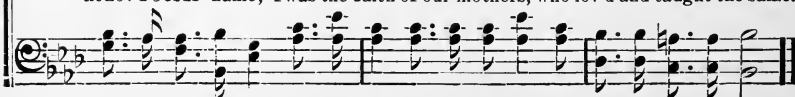
*D.S.*—"Ask ye for the old paths and walk there-in."



mar - tyrs, who stood thro' flood and flame; 'Twas the faith of our fa - thers, who

*D.S.*

honor d Jesus' name; 'Twas the faith of our mothers, who lov'd and taught the same.





Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When storms of life are round me beating, When rough the path that I have trod,  
 2. What tho' the clouds have gather'd o'er me? What tho' I've pass'd beneath the rod?  
 3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du - ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod,  
 4. And when I see the moment nearing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With - in my clos - et door re - treat - ing, I love to be a - lone with God.  
 God's perfect will there lies be - fore me, When I am thus a - lone with God.  
 I see the King in all his beau - ty, While resting there a - lone with God.  
 When time with me is dis - ap - pear - ing, I want to be a - lone with God.

CHORUS.

A - lone with God..... the world for - bid - den, A - lone with  
 A - lone with God,

God,..... O blest re - treat! Alone with God,..... and in him  
 A - lone with God, Alone with God,

*ritard.*

hid - den, To hold with him..... com - mun - ion sweet.  
 To hold with him

1. Out in the con-flict, press'd by tempt-a-tion, Fighting with e - vil,  
 2. Close to my Sav-iour, sweet-ly a - bid - ing, Whether he sends me  
 3. Gra-cious pro - tect - ion! won - der - ful bless - ing! Christ is my Ref - uge,  
 4. Look - ing to Je - sus, trust - ing, o - bey - ing, Blooms in my pathway

per - il - ous hour; Je - sus will keep me, he's my sal - va - tion, "Faith is the  
 sunshine or show'r, In his own promise, humbly con - fid - ing, Here is my  
 Covert and Tow'r! Weakness and failure meekly con-fess-ing, Sav'd by his  
 joy's brightest flow'r; Ransom'd from bondage, rescued from straying, His all the

CHORUS.

vic - t'ry," kept by his pow'r.  
 safe - ty, kept by his pow'r!  
 mer - cy, kept by his pow'r!  
 glo - ry, kept by his pow'r!

Kept..... by his pow'r,.....  
 Kept by his pow'r, kept by his pow'r,

Mar - - vellous pow'r,..... Trust - - ing in Je - sus,  
 Marvellous pow'r, marvellous pow'r, Trusting in Je - sus, in Je - sus a - lone,

Je - - sus a - lone;..... Kept..... by his  
 Trusting in Je - sus a - lone, I am trusting him, Kept by his pow'r,

# Kept By His Power.—Concluded.

pow'r, ..... Mar - - vel - lous pow'r; .....  
 Kept by hts pow'r, Mar-vel-lous pow'r, mar-vel-lous pow'r;

O ..... how he lov - eth and keep - eth his own.  
 O how he lov-eth and keepeth his own,

## 93 O Hear the Saviour's Voice.

ADELAIDE ROBERTSON WEBB.

Tune.—"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

1. { O hear the Saviour's voice to-day, "Come to me, O come to me!" }  
 { In ten-der ac-cents hear him say, "Come to me, O come to me!" }  
 2. { Come, weary, heav - y - la - den soul, Come to me, O come to me! }  
 { I'll pardon, clean-e and make thee whole, Come to me, O come to me! }  
 3. { Thy Father's wait-ing to re-ceive, Come to me, O come to me! }  
 { If thou wilt on - ly now be-lieve, Come to me, O come to me! }

If thou would'st now be truly blest, Come, lay thy head up - on my breast,  
 Long patient years I've bid thee come, O do not lon - ger strive to roam,  
 At last when all thy journey's o'er, With all thy dear ones gone be-fore,

O come :nd I will give thee rest; Come to me, O come to me!  
 But seek to-day thy Father's home; Come to me, O come to me!  
 Thou'lt be with me for - ev - er-more; Come to me, O come to me!

## Victory in Jesus' Name.

MRS. N. P. C.

MRS. NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.

1. The bat - tle is on, 'tis the Lord who commands it, We march 'neath his  
 2. The bat - tle is on, sol-dier rise in thy man-hood, Go for - ward, the  
 3. The bat - tle is on, in the front of the con-flict, O brave - ly we'll

ban-ner, we ne'er know defeat; To vic-t'ry he leads, in his name we shall  
 bat - tle is right against wrong; En - list in this arm - y, 'tis God calls to  
 fight at command of our King; For vic-t'ry he's promis'd, we trust in our

## CHORUS.

con-quer. Be faith-ful, nor dare to re - treat.  
 serv-ice, Press on-ward, be val-iant and strong. } March on with banners  
 Captain, We march while in tri-umph we sing. }

March on, march with

fly - ing, on Christ re - ly - ing, For in his name is vic - to - ry;  
 ban - ners fly - ing, March on, march, on Christ re - ly - ing,

March on, O ne'er be fearful, there is vic - to - ry in Jesus' name;  
 march on, march on, ne'er be fearful, vic - to - ry in Je - sus' name, hal - le - lu - jah!

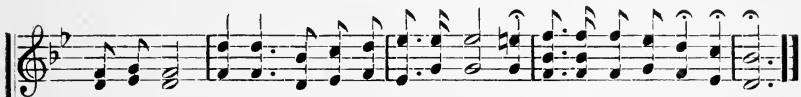
# Victory In Jesus' Name.—Concluded.



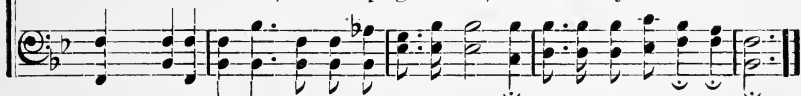
Vic - to - ry thro' Christ the Saviour, He goes be - fore us, his love and care is



Vic - to - ry through Christ the Sav - iour, for his love is ev -



o - ver us, March on, to triumph glo - ri - ous, there's victory in Je - sus' name.



er o'er us,

95

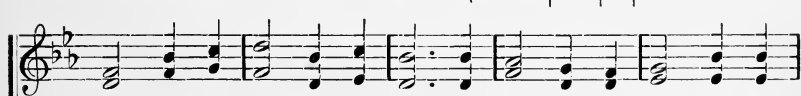
## I Pray Thee.

ALMEDA WRIGHT DRISCOLL.

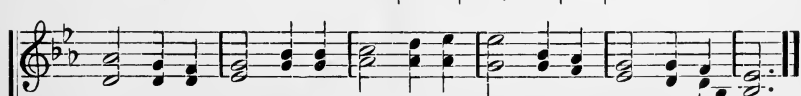
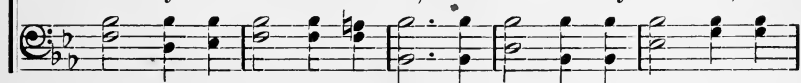
LYMAN F. JACKSON.



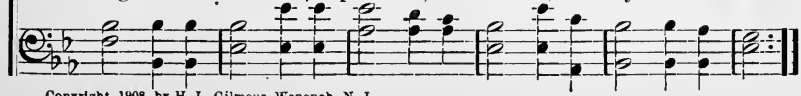
1. I pray thee! I pray thee! O Fa - ther Al - might - y The gift of thy
2. I pray thee! I pray thee! O Fa - ther Al - might - y Now list to my
3. I pray thee! I pray thee! O Fa - ther Al - might - y To take from me



Spir - it to me now im - part, I long to be ho - ly, and  
plead - ing, and grant my re - quest, That in each en - deav - or I'll  
whol - ly all sin - ful de - sire, I come in my weak - ness, for



fit for thy serv - ice; O grant he may ev - er a - bide in my heart!  
hon - or thee ful - ly, In - spired by thy prom - ise to hon - or; I'll rest.  
strength I en - treat thee; Baptize me, O Fa - ther, with thy sa - cred fire!



1. Homeward I go re - joice - ing! O love - ly promised land,  
 2. Homeward to meet the Sav - iour On that e - ter - nal shore;  
 3. Homeward I go, be - liev - ing That there shall be no night

Far in the dis - tance gleam - ing I see thy shin - ing strand.  
 Won - der - ful land of Ca - naan, Where sorrows come no more.  
 In that e - ter - nal cit - y, Where God him - self is light.

## CHORUS.

Homeward to join the ransom'd, Beyond the bor - ders of the crys - tal sea;  
 Homeward bound to join the ransom'd ones, We're

Homeward to joys e - ter - nal, And O how sweet the rest will be!  
 homeward bound to joys, e - ter - nal joys,

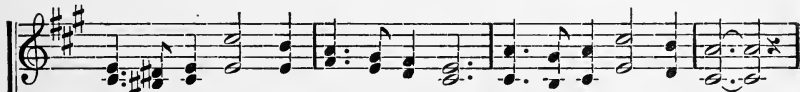
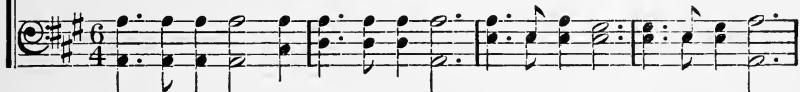
## Jesus, I Come.

W. T. SLEEPER.

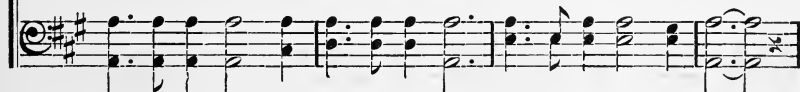
GEO. O. STEBBINS



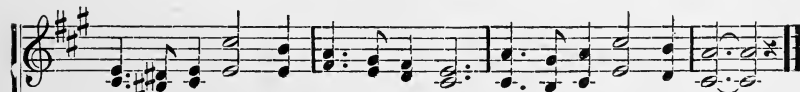
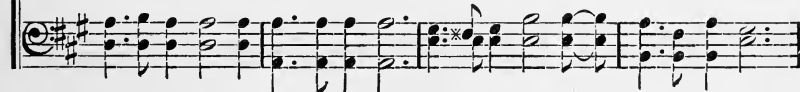
1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Je- sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je- sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar- ro-gant pride, Je- sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je- sus, I come, Je- sus, I come;



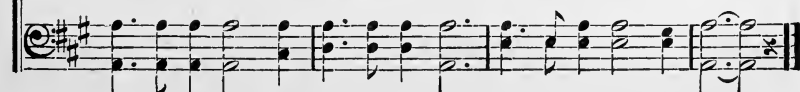
In - to thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je - sus, I come to thee;  
 In - to the glo-rious gain of thy cross, Je - sus, I come to thee;  
 In - to thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je - sus, I come to thee;  
 In - to the joy and light of thy home, Je - sus, I come to thee;



Out of my sickness in-to thy health, Out of my want and in - to thy wealth,  
 Out of earth's sorrows into thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to thy calm,  
 Out of myself to dwell in thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,  
 Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of thy shel-ter-ing fold,



Out of my sin and in - to thy-self, Je - sus, I come to thee.  
 Out of distress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to thee.  
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to thee.  
 Ev - er thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je - sus, I come to thee.



REV. H. J. ZELLEY.  
CHO. BY H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the  
2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es -  
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by  
4. I'll sing of his won - der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise him till

pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the  
tab - lished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while  
night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm  
all men his good - ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at

deep mi - ry clay, Who ten - der - ly brought me out to gold - en day.  
here I re - main, But stand by his grace un - til the crown I gain.  
hap - py and free. I'll praise my Re - deem - er, who has res - cued me.  
home and a - broad, Till man - y shall hear the truth and trust in God.

CHORUS.

He brought me out of the mi - ry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;

He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal - le - lu - jah!



JAMES ROWE.

DE LOSS SMITH.

1. Hear the shouts that rend the air, vic - to - ry! the cry, Banners wave and  
 2. Sol - diers true are pressing on, vic - to - ry! they cry, Precious souls for  
 3. Na - tions love the light at last, vic - to - ry! they cry, Un - belief is

trumpets blare, vic - to - ry is nigh; Christians have not fought in vain,  
 Christ are won, vic - to - ry is nigh; Sa - tan's ar - mies take to flight,  
 flee - ing fast, vic - to - ry is nigh; Conquer'd souls are com - ing in

For from hill, and vale, and plain Comes the glad triumphant strain, vic - to - ry!  
 Chris - tian soldiers win the fight, They are shouting with delight, vic - to - ry!  
 From the fields of doubt and sin; Soon the world the Lord will win, vic - to - ry!

CHOR *unison.*

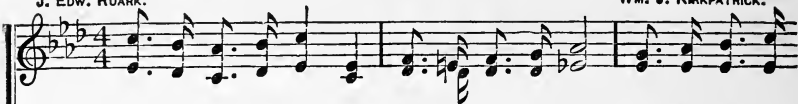
Sing with joy the tri - umph - song, To the hap - py wait - ing throng;

Let it ring the whole day long, Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

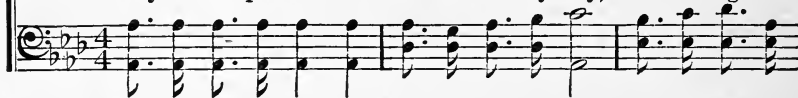
*ritard.*

J. EDW. RUARK.

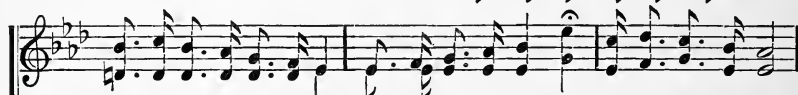
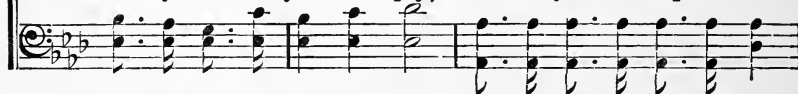
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



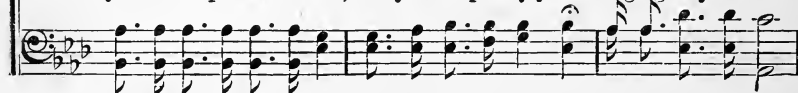
1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own his right to



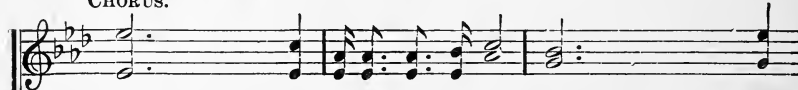
from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way,  
 those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,  
 he will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,  
 ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win



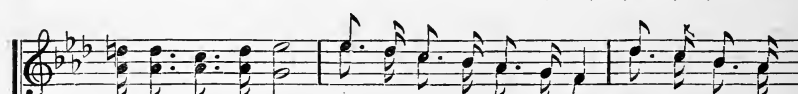
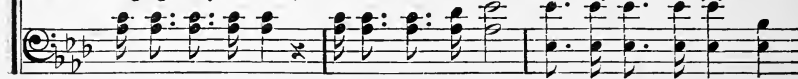
Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
 Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
 He is with you ever nigh, And he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.  
 If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.



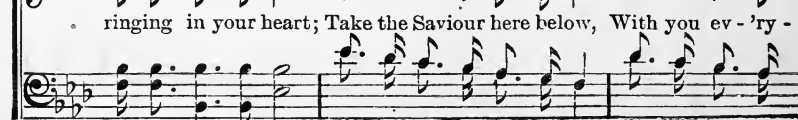
## CHORUS.



Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells  
 Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy bells



ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev-'ry -



# You May Have the Joybells.—Concluded.

where you go, He will keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

101

## Go Tell It.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

JOHN P. HILLIS.

1. If you have heard that our God is love, Go tell it, go tell it!  
2. If you can sing the dear Saviour's praise, Go sing it, go sing it!  
3. If you can turn oth - er hearts to God, Go do it, go do it!

Go tell it, go tell it!

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (F), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

That he is reigning in heav - en a - bove, Go tell of his love to - day.  
Un - to him gladly your voi - ces now raise, Go sing of his love to - day.  
Bid them to follow where Je - sus has trod, Go do what you can to - day.

Musical notation for the second system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (F), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

CHORUS.

Tell of a Saviour so kind and true, Tell of his love and his mer - cy too,

Musical notation for the third system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (F), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

Tell of the good he would have us do, Go tell of his love to - day.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (F), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the  
 2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness unfurled, Full sal -  
 3. Is your name, friend, enrolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you

fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of God  
 va - tion proclaim to a sin - ful, dying world; Tho' the darts thick and fast  
 dare now to stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me now

and the Spirit's trust - y sword At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.  
 from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.  
 and the cov - e - nant re - new, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.

## CHORUS.

Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the army, The triumph shouting, the foe we're  
 Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, March - ing  
 tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

# At the Battle's Front.—Concluded.

on to vic - to - ry,..... I'm in this ar - my, this glorious  
hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, And the God of bat - tles will de - fend me, I'm in this  
tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, this glorious ar - my, At the front of the battle you will find me.  
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

103

## All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONEY.

Miles Lane. C. M.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

- All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the
- Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the
- Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who
- Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To him all
- O that with yonder sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the

roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.  
strength of Israel's might, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.  
saves you by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.  
maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.  
ev - er - last - ingsong, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry "To arms" is  
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and  
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise

heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic-to-ry, The  
 vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has given you, And  
 spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be, The

CHORUS. *Unison.*

triumph of the right will soon appear. }  
 in his strength un-to the end endure. } The fight is on, O Chris-tian  
 morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh. }

sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray, ..... With ar - mor

gleam-ing, and col - ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to - day;

# The Fight Is On.—Concluded.

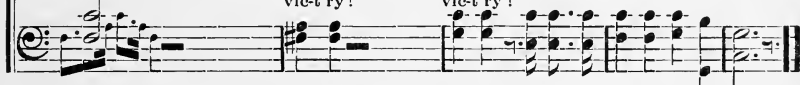
Harmony.



The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in his might hold



fast; If God be for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.  
vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

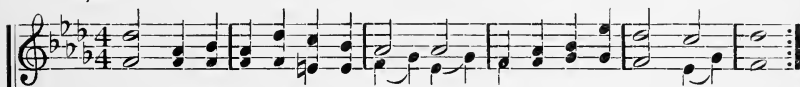


105

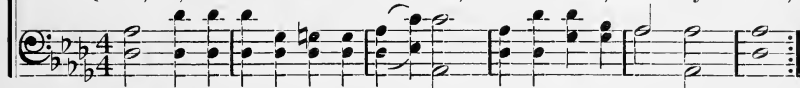
## What Did He Do.

ANON, alt.

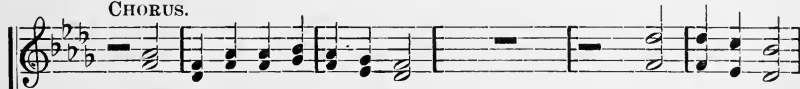
W. OWEN.



1. { O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry: Once we dwelt among the lost, }  
 { Yet Je-sus came from heav'n's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost. }
2. { No angel could our place have tak-en, High-est of the high tho' he, }  
 { Nailed to the cross, despised, forsak-en, Was one of the God - head three! }
3. { Will you surrender to this Sav - iour? Now before him hum-bly bow? }  
 { You, too, shall come to know his fa-vor, He will save, and save you now! }



CHORUS.

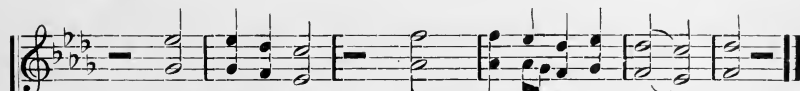
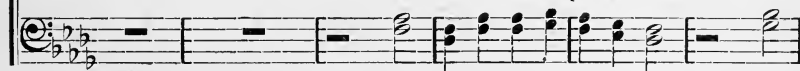


Who sav'd us from e-ter-nal loss?

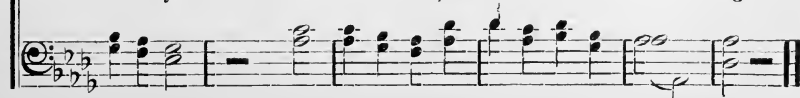
What did he do?

Who but God's Son upon the cross!

He



Where is he now? In heav-en in-ter - ced - ing!  
 died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter - ced - ing!



MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that  
 2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-  
 3. Dark - est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest  
 4. We may have unfad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship

woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,  
 joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,  
 bur - den light - er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw  
 true and ten - der, When love shines in. When earth - vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.  
 And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.  
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.  
 And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

## CHORUS.

When love shines in, . . . . When love shines in, How the heart is  
 When love shines in, . . . .

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

tuned to singing, When love shines in; . . . . When love shines in, . . . . When  
 When love shines in; . . . . When love shines in, . . . .

When love shines in, When love shines in.



# When Love Shines In.—Concluded.

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.  
When love shines in. love, When love shines in,

## 107 Our Hearts Turn to Thee.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

W. A. POST.

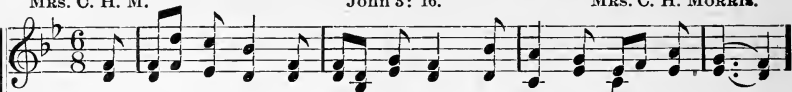
*With expression.*

1. When morn-ing's gold doth shine Bright o - ver land and sea,  
2. Dwell in our souls to - day; Make for thy - self a throne,  
3. O Fa - ther, kinġ and true, Guide us from day to day,

Our hearts with glad thanks-giv - ing Turn un - to thee;  
May we in full sur - ren - der Serve thee a - lone;  
May we thro' storm or sun - shine Walk in thy way;

*mf*  
Thy word un - seals the night, Fills earth with heav - en's light,  
Now on thy al - tar fair, Lay we each fond de - sire,  
Help us thy will to know, More like the Christ to grow,

*rall. e dim.* *p*  
Thou art our all in all, On thee we call.  
O may thy grace di - vine New love in - spire.  
Thine would we ev - er be; We turn to thee.



1. For God so loved this sin - ful world, His Son he free - ly gave,
2. I was a way - ward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who - so - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust - ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life be - gun be - low Now fills my heart and soul;



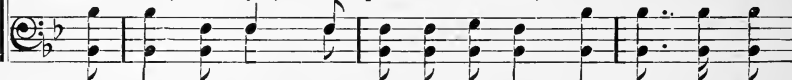
That who - so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life shall have.  
 Un - til this bless - ed prom - ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.  
 I took him at his gra - cious word, From sin he set me free.  
 I'll sing his praise for - ev - er - more, Whose blood has made me whole.



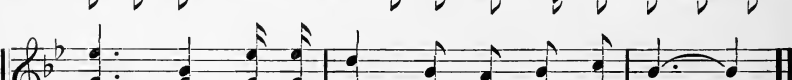
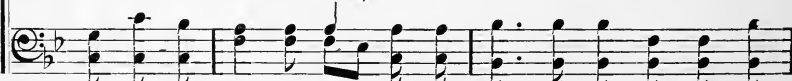
## CHORUS.



'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true,..... God's won - der - ful  
 'Tis true, O yes, the prom - ise is true,



prom - ise is true,..... For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and  
 'tis true,



tried it, And I know God's prom - ise is true.....  
 'tis true.



# 109 Oh, Think of the Home Over There.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of  
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have  
 3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I

light, Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Are  
 trod; Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their  
 see; o - ver there. Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are

REFRAIN.

robed in there garments of white. O - ver there, o - ver  
 home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver  
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me. o - ver there. O - ver there, o - ver  
 o - ver there.

there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there; O - ver  
 there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there; O - ver  
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there; O - ver  
 o - ver there. o - ver there.

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.  
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.  
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.  
 o - ver there.

1. O my comrades how cheering For the moment is near-ing Of our  
 2. Starry crowns he is bringing, An - gel harps will be ring - ing, O what  
 3. Ev-'ry-thing shall be right-ed And our souls be de-light-ed When in

Mas-ter's ap-pear-ing, Yes, our Lord shall come; Swiftly moments are  
 shouting and sing-ing When the Saviour comes; Saints will be there by  
 Christ we're u - nit - ed, When the Saviour comes; There'll be no sep - a -

fleet-ing Toward that glo-ri-ous greeting, How we long for that meeting,  
 mil-lions, Blood-wash'd souls by the billions, Ransom'd ones by the tril-lions  
 ra - tion But a great ju - bi - la - tion For the saints of each na-tion

## CHORUS.

Yes, our Lord shall come.  
 When the Saviour comes. } We'll bid good-bye to sorrow, There'll be no care to bor-row,  
 When the Saviour comes. }

But a glo - ri - ous mor-row When the Saviour comes, In his arms he will take us,

# When the Saviour Comes.—Concluded.

He will nev-er forsake us, O how glad he will make us When the Saviour comes.

## 111 Shall I Be Counted Worthy?

L. F. J.

LYMAN F. JACKSON.

1. Shall I be count-ed worth-y, On that great "day of days,"  
 2. Shall I be count-ed worth-y To be a-mong the blest,  
 3. Shall I be count-ed worth-y To with the blood-wash'd stand,  
 4. Shall I be count-ed worth-y Of some, tho' small re-ward,  
 5. Make me, O Sav-iour, worth-y To thy dis-ci-ple be,

To join the swell-ing cho - rus, When saints their Saviour praise?  
 The ran-som'd ones in glo - ry, Who have the Christ con-fess'd?  
 Who shared their Saviour's sor - row, And fol - low'd his com-mand?  
 With those who in the vine-yard Have la - bor'd for their Lord?  
 And then to realms of glo - ry I'll hum - bly fol - low thee.

### CHORUS.

Shall I.... be counted worthy To have an humble place, With  
 Shall I To have  
 those who lov'd and serv'd him, Who saved them by his grace?  
 With those Who saved

*Unison.*

1. On, comrades, on! the or - der still is ring - ing; March, march a-way, with  
 2. Lift high the cross, and keep Love's banner o'er us, Speed, speed a-way, with  
 3. Still precious souls are down to ru - in go - ing; Bow'd down by sin, they  
 4. On, comrades, on! spread far and wide the sto - ry Of bound-less love and

cour - age to en - dure; Sin's might-y hordes are bold de - fi - ance fling - ing,  
 hearts in true ac - cord; Fight with a will and drive the foe be - fore us;  
 near a hope-less grave! Strong in the Lord, our hearts with love o'er-flow-ing,  
 mer - cy rich and free; Je - ho - vah's Son will lead us all to glo - ry

## CHORUS.

But Je - sus leads and vic-to - ry is sure.  
 No harm can come to those who trust the Lord.  
 On, com-rades, on! to comfort and to save. } Com-rades of Je - sus,  
 And crown our souls with im-mor-tal - i - ty.

Her - alds of light, On - ward re - joic - ing, To battle for the right. Comrades of

Je - sus, Her - alds of light, On - ward re - joic - ing, To bat - tle for the right.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN.

(Duet, Alto and Soprano.)

FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

*Alto marcato.*

1. I'll trust in my Sav-iour for - ev - er, A kind lov - ing  
 2. I nev - er will wan - der from Je - sus; A Friend and a  
 3. So, Christ is my con - stant com - pan - ion; My Pi - lot and  
 4. And when we have an - chored in heav - en, And left this life's

Sav-iour is he; His strength is made perfect in weak - ness, And his  
 Broth-er is he; His strength is made perfect in weak - ness, And his  
 Guide he shall be; His strength is made perfect in weak - ness, And his  
 tur - bu - lent sea, His won - der - ful strength in our weak - ness, The

## CHORUS.

grace is suf - fi - cient for me.  
 grace is suf - fi - cient for me.  
 grace is suf - fi - cient for me.  
 theme of our prais - es shall be. } On - ly his grace, on - ly his grace,

On - ly his grace is suf - fi - cient for me; His strength is made

per - fect in weak - ness, And his grace is suf - fi - cient for me.

C. S. N.

Psalm 37 : 5.

REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

(CONSECRATION.)

1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with  
 2. Would you have him make you free, and follow at his call? Would you know the  
 3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove him

him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have him bear your burden,  
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that  
 true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his ser - vice la - bor

CHORUS.

carry all your load? Let him have his way with thee. }  
 you need never fall? Let him have his way with thee. } His power can make you what you  
 always at your best? Let him have his way with thee. }

ought to be ; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free ; His love can

*rit.*

fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

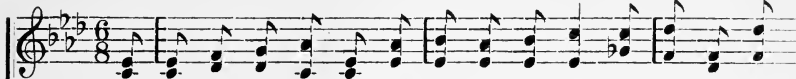


## Victory For Me.

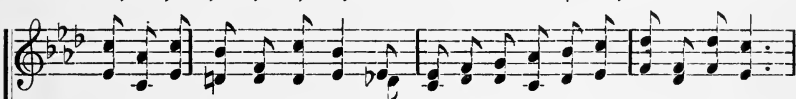
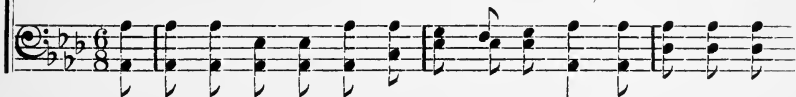
The Ms. of this song was sent to me by Mrs. Geo. Hughes, mother of the author, for publication, that it might be used. It was sung by Anna, Sep. 4th, 1909, in Thornly Chapel, Ocean Grove, N. J. In the 6.30 Temple Service, Anna was testifying that same day, when the Death Angel touched her heart, and she "was not, for God took her."—H. L. G.

A. P. H.

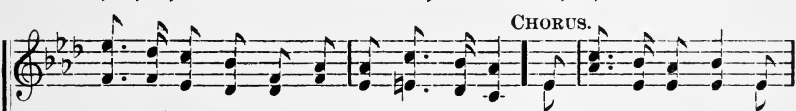
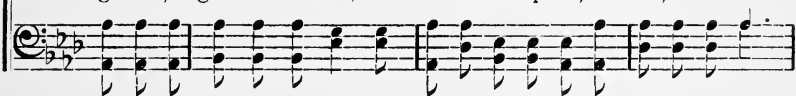
ANNA P. HUGHES.



1. I'm walk-ing with Je - sus each day, yes I know; He helps me to
2. Tho' fierce be the bat - tle, and long be the fray; The Sav-iour has
3. And when to the end of life's con - flict I'm near, Death can-not a -

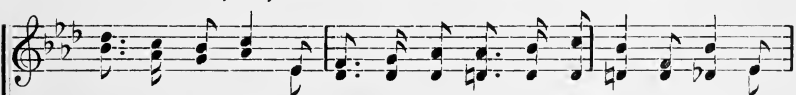
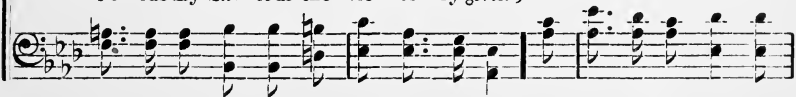


con-quer in this world below; A - bid-ing, con-fid-ing, I'll trust to the end;  
promis'd to lead all the way; So following closely, I'll shout as I go!  
fright me, no grave do I fear, For Jesus hath conquer'd; once dead, now he lives!

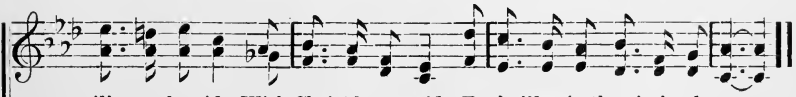
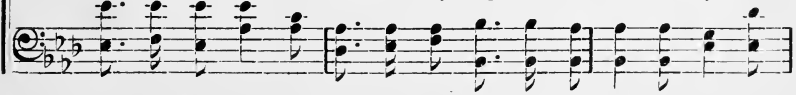


## CHORUS.

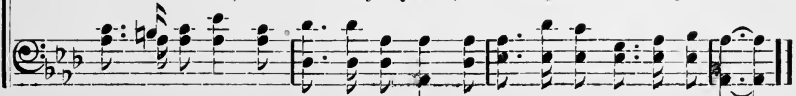
Je - sus is vic - tor, on him I'll depend.  
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry, o'er ev - 'ry foe. } There's vict'ry for me! yes,  
Je - sus my Sav - iour the vic - to - ry gives.



vic - t'ry for me, Thro Je - sus my Captain there's vic - to - ry; No

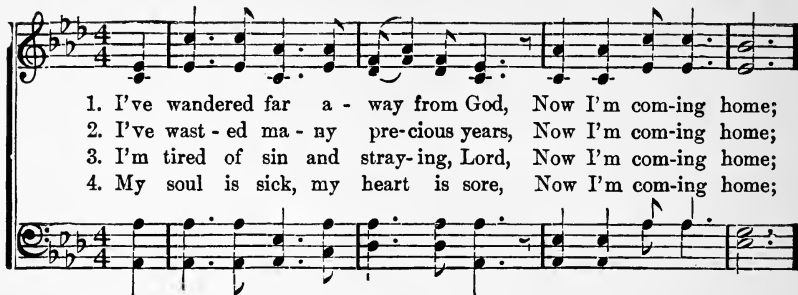


ill can be-tide, With Christ by my side, For he'll gain the vict'ry for me.



W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;  
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;



The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
 My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

## CHORUS.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;



O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 That Jesus died, and died for me,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 O wash me whiter than the snow,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

M. J. H.

MELVIN J. HILL.

1. I'm enthralled in the presence of Je - sus, And his wonderful love for me;  
 2. He a-bandoned his will in the gar-den, And he suffered the Father's own,  
 3. When the weight of my sins fell up-on him, And he pray'd for the Father's pow'r,  
 4. When the angel shall o - pen the por-tals, And I stand on the golden street,

My heart welletth up with his prais-es, And henceforth my song shall be.  
 That he my redemption might proffer, That he for my sins might atone.  
 There appeared in the heavens an an - gel Who strengthen'd his heart that hour.  
 My joy ne'er shall end in the presence Of him whom I long to meet.

## CHORUS.

Love so unbound-ed, Won my heart to him, Blood all a -

vail - ing, pur - i - fies from sin; Grace so suf - fi - cient

Keep me pure and clean, In his grace I'll meet my - King.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

H. LAKE GILMOUR.

1. I stood be-side the crimson tide, All bur-dened with my sin;  
 2. The blood up-on the mer-cy - seat Was sprin-kléd long a - go;  
 3. From Cal-v'ry's side the crimson tide Is flow - ing free - ly still:

And, paus - ing, took a backward look, Be - fore I en - tered in.  
 A - ton - ing grace for Israel's race Did God the Fa - ther show.  
 Oh, come to-day, while yet you may, Come, who - so - ev - er - will;

Be - hind me lay a wear - y way, Where once I choose to roam;  
 But now his plan for sin - ful man Has ful - ly been re - vealed,  
 The heal - ing stream will now re - deem, And cleanse thy heart from sin;

A - cross the stream a ra - dian't gleam Shone from my Fa - ther's home.  
 For thro' his Son is par - don won, And all our stripes are healed.  
 Such peace be thine as now is mine, Since I have enter - ed in.

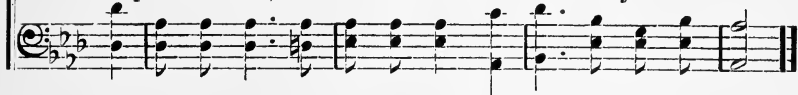
## CHORUS.

Be - fore I enter - ed in My heart was full of sin;

# Since I Have Entered In.—Concluded.



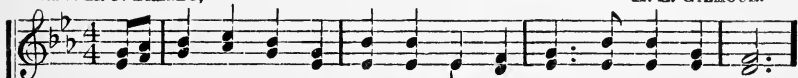
But praise to God, the crim-son flood Has cleansed my heart with-in.



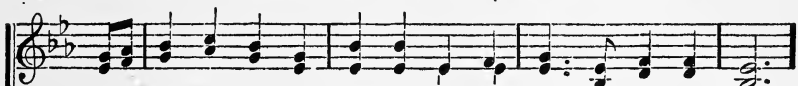
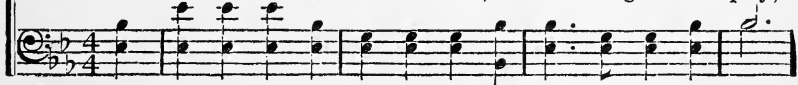
## 119 He Rolled the Sea Away.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY,

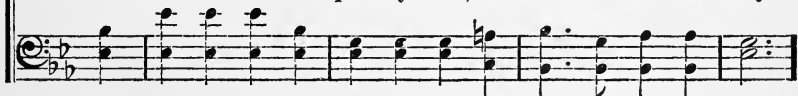
H. L. GILMOUR.



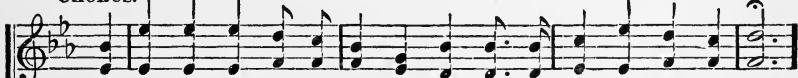
1. When Is - rael out of bondage came, A sea be - fore them lay;
2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
3. When sor - rows dark, like storm-y waves, Were dash-ing o'er my way;
4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray;



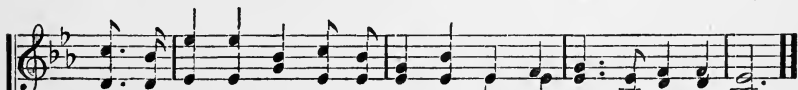
The Lord reach'd down his mighty hand, And roll'd the sea a - way.  
My heart's de-sire the Sa- viour read, And roll'd the sea a - way.  
A - gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And roll'd the sea a - way.  
I know the Lord will quick-ly come, And roll the sea a - way.



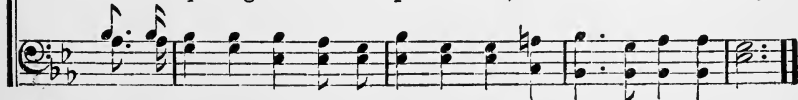
### CHORUS.



Then forward still, 'tis Je - ho-vah's will, Tho' the bil-lows dash and spray;



With a conquering tread we will push a-head, He'll roll the sea a - way.



LIZZIE DEARMOND.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

*Unison, or Duel.*

1. Thro' the heat of the day as I toil on my way, go - ing  
 2. As a bird to its nest flies for com - fort and rest, When the  
 3. There is joy in my soul for God's love doth con - trol, Tho' His

forth at the dear Lord's command; In his strength I a - bide till the  
 tempests sweep o - ver the land; To my Sav - iour I go with my  
 ways I may not un - der - stand; So I wait on his will, try - ing

## CHORUS.

glad e - ven - tide I am safe neath his shel - ter - ing hand. } So near to his  
 troubles and woe, There is peace 'neath his shel - ter - ing hand. }  
 just to be still, O - ver me is his shel - ter - ing hand. }

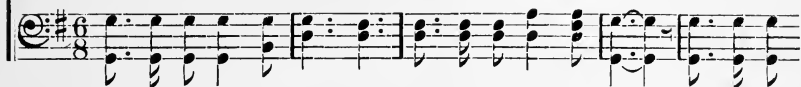
shel - ter - ing hand, So safe in its shad - ow I stand; Not a

*rit.....a tempo.*

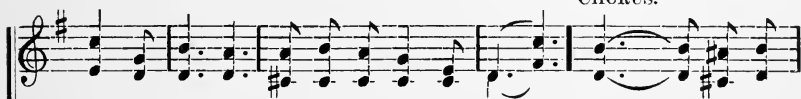
fear can control, for I'm resting my soul Beneath his dear shel - ter - ing hand.



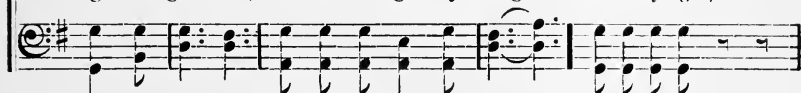
1. Ye who now sit in dark-ness, Rise, for thy Light is come; Je- sus, the
2. Seek now the lov-ing Sav- iour, He is this dark world's light; Shin-ing in
3. Fear not the clouds about thee, Light thro' the gloom he'll bring; Walk in the



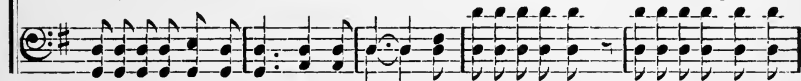
## CHORUS.



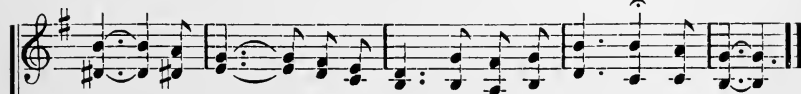
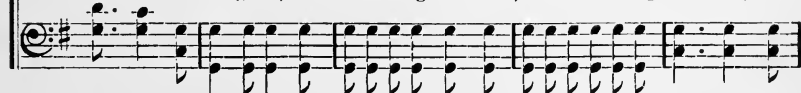
world's Re-deem-er, Com-eth to guide thee home. } He is my  
 love and blessing, Mak-ing thy pathway bright. }  
 light he giv-eth, Trust him and glad-ly sing. } He is my light,



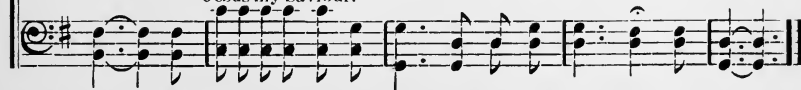
light, and no darkness, I'll know, The light of his pres- ence makes  
 He is my light and no darkness I'll know, The light of his presence, light of his presence



life all a- glow, Wher-e'er this light shin- eth, love's banner's un-  
 aglow, Where'er this light shineth, where'er this light shineth,



ful'd, For Je- sus my Sav- iour is the light of the world.  
 Jesus my Saviour.

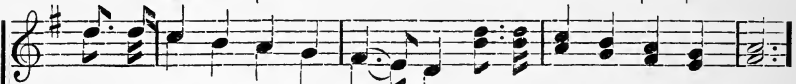
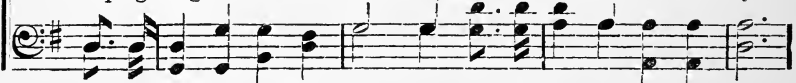




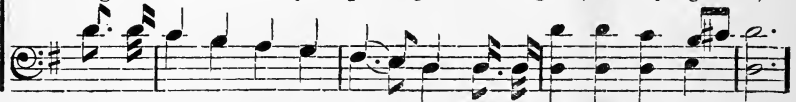
1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah ! From the heavens praise his name;
2. Let them prais-es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at his command;
3. All ye fruit-ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and mountains high,



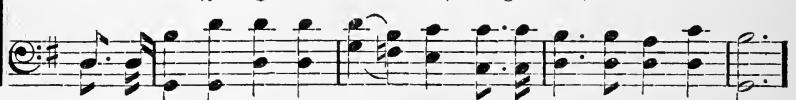
Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All his an - gels praise pro-claim.  
Them for - ev - er he es - tab-lished, His de-cree shall ev - er stand.  
Creeping things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav-ens fly.



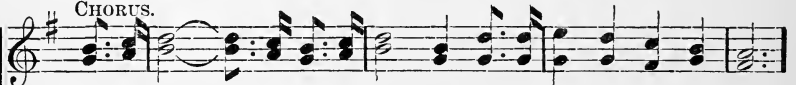
All his hosts to - geth - er praise him, Sun, and moon, and stars on high;  
From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye dra - gons all;  
Kings of earth and all ye peo - ple, Princes great, earth's judges all;



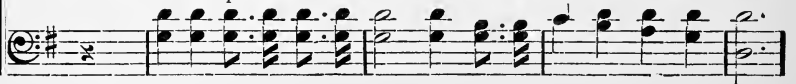
Praise him, O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.  
Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Stormy winds that hear him call.  
Praise his name, young men and maid-ens, A - ged men, and chil-dren small.



## CHORUS.



Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For his name a - lone is high,  
Let them praises





# Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!—Concluded.

And his glo - ry is ex - alt - ed, And his glo - ry is ex - alt - ed,  
 And his glo - ry And his glo - ry

*pp*

And his glo - - ry is ex - alt - ed Far a - bove the earth and sky.  
 And his glo - ry

*ff*

123

## When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When mother pray'd! O precious hour When God would come in mighty pow'r!
2. When mother pray'd! ah, then I knew With - in my soul that God was true;
3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev - er know
4. Tho' oth - er scenes may be for - got, While life shall last this one can - not;

*S:* FINE.

O men'ry sweet! O hallowed place Where God did shine in mother's face.  
 I could no lon - ger doubt his love, But yielded all,—born from a - bove.  
 A sweeter time than that blest hour When Je - sus came in saving power.  
 When mother pray'd! O peace divine! My mother's God to - day is mine.

*D.S.*—Her heart and mind on Christ werestay'd, And God was there when mother pray'd.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd, her soul was blest!

FLORA KIRKLAND.

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CHAS. GOUNOD.

FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Glo - ry and hon - or to God our heav'nly Fa - ther, Praise and a -

dore him who reigns in might and majesty. Tell of his goodness, proclaim his

name to ev-'ry land 'Till all the nations shall own him King forev-er more.

Sing and give praise to the Lord the King of kings, For he is good, he is  
O sing, give praise, is good,

good, and his mercy ev - er - last - ing. Sing to the Lord, tho' a  
is good, O sing, O sing,

# Glory and Honor.—Concluded.

host en-camp a-gainst thee, for his pow'r and his love o'er-shadow thee. Sing

praise to the God of bat-tles. Glo-ry and hon-or to the God of

our sal-va-tion! Glo-ry and hon-or unto God our Sun and Shield!

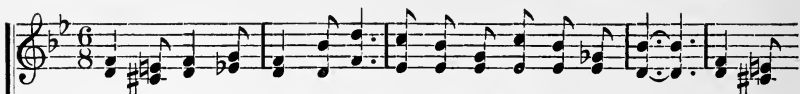
O lift joyous songs of praise, Praise for all his loving kindnesses. Give to

God the worship due his holy name, give glory and praise; praise for ever more.

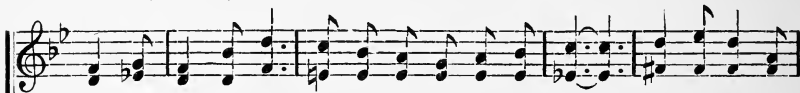
\* Use small notes if desirable.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

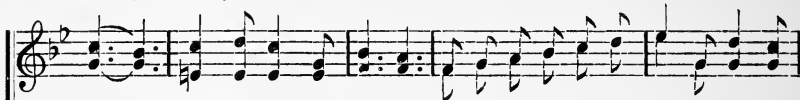
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



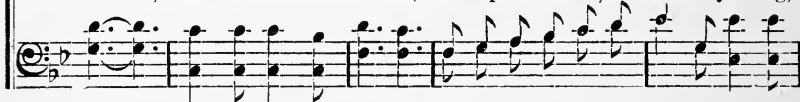
1. Praise the Lord with heart and voice, Joyful-ly serv-ing your King, Come and
2. Praise the dear Re-deem-er's name, Crown him with beauty and light, Just and
3. Praise the Lord with heart and voice, Ev-er a - dor-ing-ly raise Hal - le -



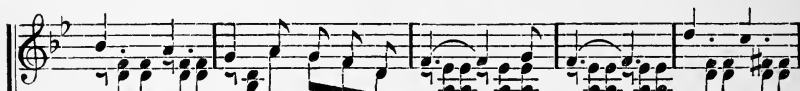
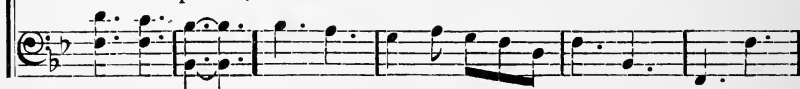
wor-ship at his throne, Lov-ing-ly, grateful - ly sing; Hap-py ev - 'ry  
true are all his ways, Won-der-ful, boundless, his might; Glad ho-san-nas  
lu-jahs sweet and strong, Un-to the "Ancient of Days;" Shout with accla -



hour, trust-ing in his pow-er, Un-to the Giv-er of our sal - va-tion  
swelling, loud his goodness tell-ing, Fountain of blessing our joy e - ter - nal,  
ma-tion, hail him all cre - a-tion, Worship Je-ho-vah, O come re-joice ing,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

prais-es bring. }  
day and night. } Praise him! sing with melo-dy, Heart and voice,  
sound his praise. }



Praise him ev - er-last-ing-ly, Come, re - joice; Hail him,



# With Heart and Voice.—Concluded.



Lord most glo-ri-ous, Might - y      One vic - to - ri - ous, Praise his



ho - ly      name.....      Praise him, heav'nly com - pa - ny,



An - gels      bright,      Crown him      now and ev - er - more



Lord      of      light;      Praise him all cre - a - tion, God      of      our sal -



va - tion, Boundless in maj - es - ty, King e - ter - nal; Praise his      name.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.  
Unison.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. See the cross, where the Sav-iour was cru-ci-  
2. See the tomb, where the King of the A-ges  
3. See the throne, where he sits by the Fa-ther's

fied, See the blood, shed for sin-ners when  
lay, See the stone, by the an-gels once  
side, Pray-ing there for the dear ones for

Je-sus died, Hear the song that the  
roll'd a-way, He is ris'n, with his  
whom he died; Heart and life to his

ransom'd in heav-en sing, See the crown on the  
prais-es the heav-ens ring, See the crown on the  
serv-ice we glad-ly bring, Place a crown on the

CHORUS. *Parts.*

head of our Sav-iour King. Je-sus is liv-ing in  
Je-sus is

# The King of the Ages.—Concluded.

glo - - ry, The King of the A - ges is he,.....  
 liv-ing in glo-ry, The glo - ri - ous King of the A-ges is he;

When he shall come in his king - dom, For ev - er with  
 When in his kingdom he comes, for ev - - -

him we shall be,..... Hap - py with him ev - 'ry mo - ment,  
 er with him we shall be, Hap - - py in him ev'ry mo-ment,

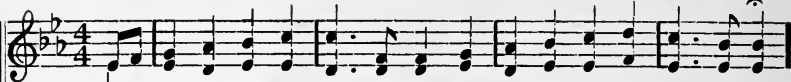
Joy - ful the prais - es we sing,..... And the Christ who once  
 Joy - - ful the praises we sing,

died to re-deem us, We will now crown our King.....  
 We'll crown him our King.

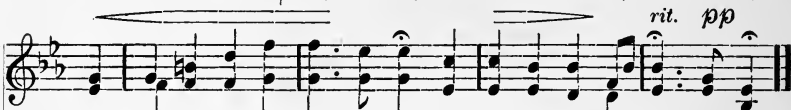
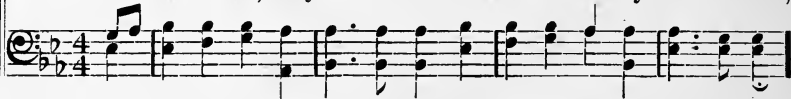
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Wildmere. L. M.

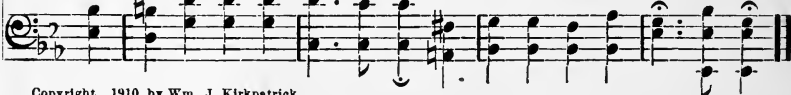
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Just as I am with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome pardon, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am,—thy love unknown Has bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;

*rit. pp*

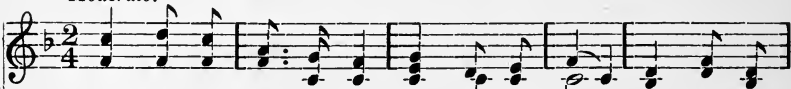
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Fight-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Be - cause thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



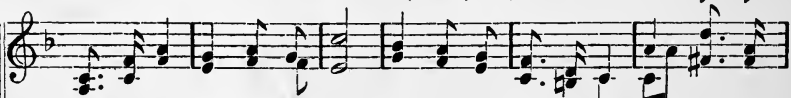
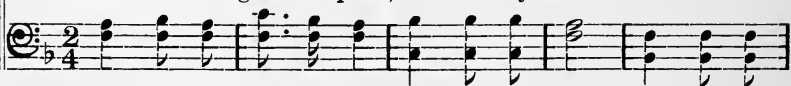
Copyright, 1910, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

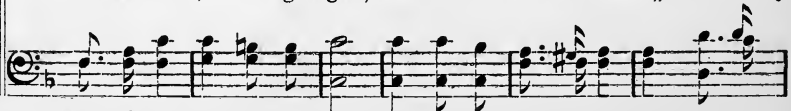
MRS. M. S. REES.

*Moderato.*

1. Down from his home of light, Je - sus my all! Bar - ing his
2. Down from the Fa - ther's room, Je - sus my all! Light - ing the
3. Down from the gates of peace, Je - sus my all! Down to the



arm of might Came at my call; Came to bring me re-lease, Came to give  
 midnight gloom Made by the fall; Mak-ing a shin-ing way Up to the  
 world's mad whirl, Drinking its gall; Grief that none else could bear; Thorns in thy



Copyright, 1908, by M. S. Rees.



# Jesus, My All.—Concluded.

*cresc.* *f*

me his peace, Joy that shall nev - er cease; Je - sus my all!  
 Gates of Day, Leav - ing no price to pay; Je - sus my all!  
 crown to wear; Lov - ing and dy - ing there; Je - sus my all!

129

## The Promised Land.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

ARR. BY R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye  
 2. O'er all those wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;  
 3. No chill - ing winds, or pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;  
 4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

*8:* FINE.

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.  
 There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.  
 Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.  
 When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in his bos - om rest?

*D.S.*—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

I am bound for the promised land, . . . . I am bound for the promised land;  
 prom - ised land,

# 130 Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

PHOEBE J. HANAFORD.

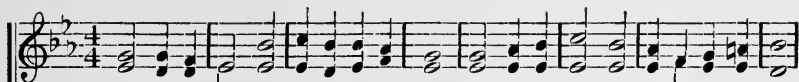
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup-ply,  
 2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and wea-ry, worn with care,—  
 3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bund-ant store;  
 4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treas-ure strew,  
 5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray-ing breath,

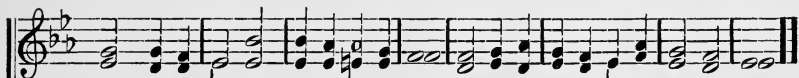
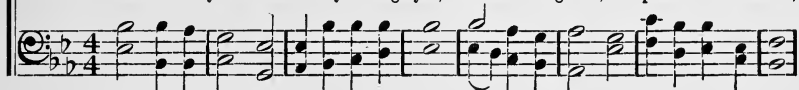
An - gel eyes will watch a-bove it;— You shall find it by and by!  
 Oft - en sit - ting in the shad-ow, Have you not a crumb to spare?  
 It may float on many a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore;  
 Scat - ter it with will - ing fin - gers, Shout for joy to see it go!  
 In some dis-tant, doubtful mo-ment It may save a soul from death;

He who in his righteous bal-ance Doth each hu-man ac-tion weigh,  
 Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,  
 You may think it lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,  
 For if you do close-ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;  
 When you sleep in sol-emn si-lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,

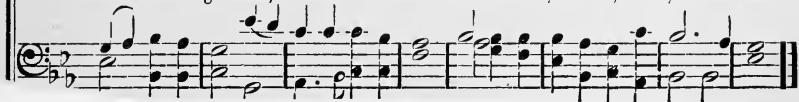
Will your sac - ri - fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re - pay.  
 As you look with longing vis - ion Thro' faith's mighty tel - e - scope?  
 In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.  
 If you love it more than Je - sus, It will keep you from your crown.  
 Stranger hands, which you have strengthen'd, May strew lilies o - ver you.



1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven- tide, The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-way;
3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
5. Hold thou thy cross be-fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;



When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!  
 Change and de-cay in all around I see; O thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!  
 Who, like thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!  
 Where is death's sting, where grave thy vic'try? I triumph still, if thou a-bide with me.  
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!



DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend' rest care. }  
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare: } Bless-ed Je- sus,  
 2. { We are thine, do thou be- friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }  
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a- stray; } Bless-ed Je- sus,

1  
 2  
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are; Je- sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.  
 Bless-ed Je- sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray; Je- sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;

4 Early let us seek thy favor,  
 Early let us do thy will.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

Mal. 8: 17.

Geo. F. Root.

*Moderato.*

1. When he com-eth, when he com-eth To make up his jew-els, All his  
 2. He will gath-er, he will gath-er The gems for his kingdom, All the  
 3. Lit-tle children, lit-tle children Who love their Re-deem-er, Are the

CHORUS.

jew-els, precious jew-els, His lov'd and his own. } Like the stars of the  
 pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and his own. } They shall shine in their  
 jew-els, precious jew-els, His lov'd and his own. }

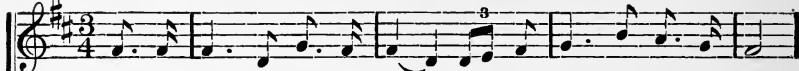
morn-ing, His bright crown a - dorn-ing,  
 beau-ty, (*Omit.*.....) Bright gems for his crown.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

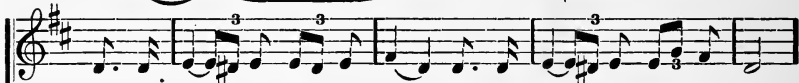
W. H. JUDE.

1. Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;  
 2. Je-sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store;  
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 4. Je-sus calls us! by thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, may we hear thy call;

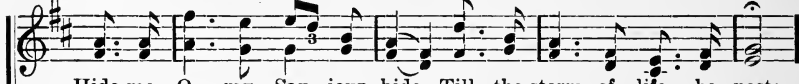
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol - low me."  
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."  
 Still he calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love me more than these."  
 Give our hearts to thy o - be-dience, Serve and love thee best of all.



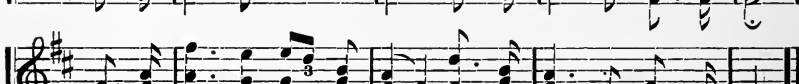
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,  
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!  
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;  
All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring;

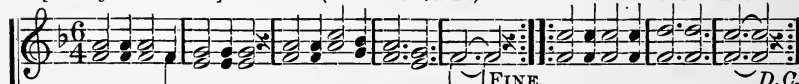


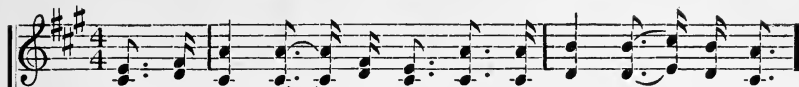
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!  
Cov - er my de - fenseless head With the shad - ow of thy wing.



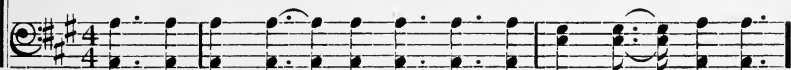
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.





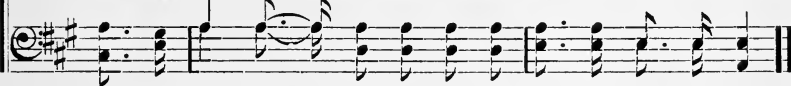
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our moth-ers,



CHO.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,



It was good for our moth-ers, And it's good e - nough for me!



'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me!

2 ||: Makes me love everybody, :||  
And it's good enough for me!

4 ||: It will do when I'm dying, :||  
And it's good enough for me!

3 ||: Makes me love the good old Bible, :||  
And it's good enough for me!

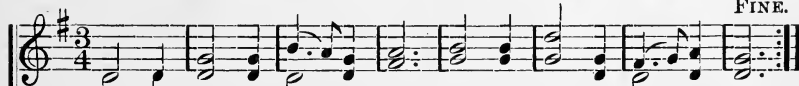
5 ||: It will take us all to heaven, :||  
And it's good enough for me!

## 143

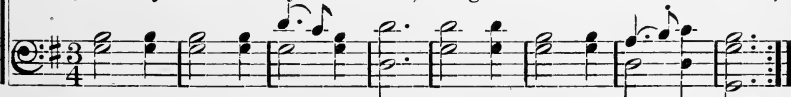
## Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

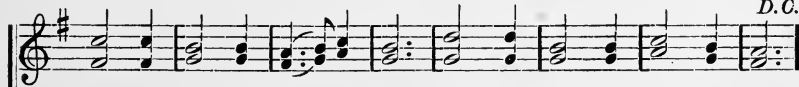


1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }  
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }

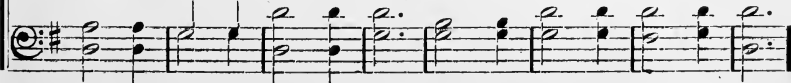


D. C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wanderer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

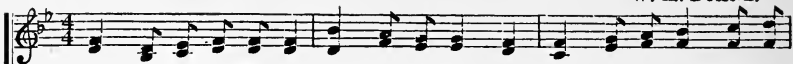


Wea - ry souls, for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

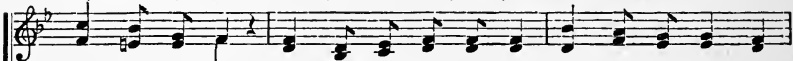
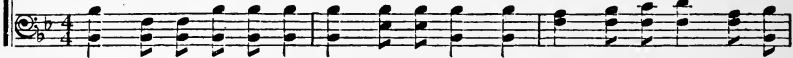


2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
Ever near thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubts and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear.  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,  
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
Waiting still for sweet release,  
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
Wondering if our names are there;  
Wading deep the dismal flood,  
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;  
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."



1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



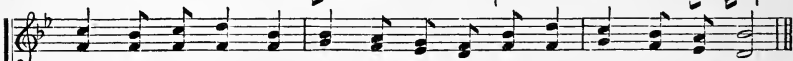
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fal - len,  
child to re - ceive. Plead with them earnest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly,  
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,  
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;



## CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.  
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. } Res - cue the per-ish-ing,  
Chords that were bro-ken will vi-brate once more.  
Tell the poor wand'r'er a Sav-iour has died.



care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



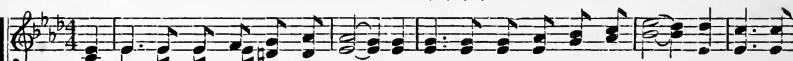
Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.

## 145 O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

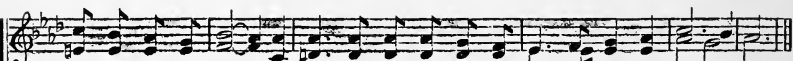
GEORGE MATHESON.

ST. MARGARET. 8, 8, 8, 6.

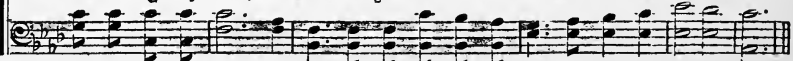
ALBERT L. PEACE.



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in thee; I give thee
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to thee; My heart re -
3. O joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee; I lay in



back the life I owe, That in thine ocean depths its flow May richer, full-er be.  
stores its borrow'd ray, That in thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.  
rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.  
dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.





FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as-surance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo-ry di-vine!  
 2. Per-fect submis-sion, perfect de-light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
 3. Per-fect submis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am hap-py and blest;

Heir of sal-va-tion, purchas'd by God, Born of his Spir-it, wash'd in his blood.  
 An-gels descending, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.  
 Watching and waiting, looking a-bove, Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love.

## CHORUS.

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long;

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

E. HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me O-ver life's tem-pest-nous sea;  
 2. As a moth-er stills her child Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar

*D. C.*—Chart and com- pass came from thee: Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.

*D. C.*—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.

*D. C.*—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee."

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 Bois-terous waves o-bey thy will When thou say'st to them "Be still,"  
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the  
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my  
 3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the  
 long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - ing lies  
 dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Used by permission.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;  
 D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,  
 D. C.

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
 Could my zeal no languor know,  
 These for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone;  
 In my hand no price I bring;  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyes shall close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold thee on thy throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

JOSEPH. H. GILMORE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!  
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
 3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine;  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled sea—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

{ He leadeth me, He lead-eth me! By His own hand he leadeth me! }  
 { His faithful follow'r I would be, For by his hand he (Omit. . . .) leadeth me. }

WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,  
 { And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit. . . .) wishes known. }

*D. C.*—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return sweet (Omit. . . .) hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,

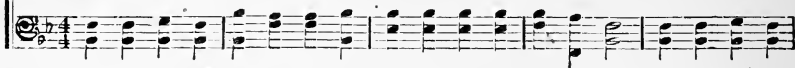
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
 Thy wings shall my petition bear  
 To him, whose truth and faithfulness  
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:  
 And since he bids me seek his face,  
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
 I'll cast on him my every care,  
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
 May I thy consolation share,  
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
 I view my home, and take my flight:  
 This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise  
 To seize the everlasting prize;  
 And shout, while passing through the air  
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

CHARLES WESLEY.

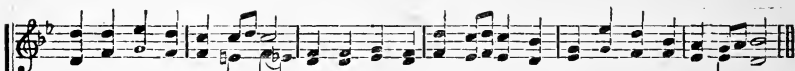
JOHN ZUNDEL.



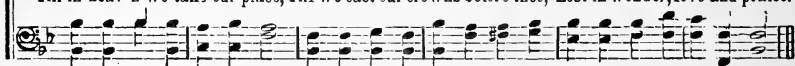
1. Love divine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit in to ev'ry troubled breast! Let us all in
3. Come, almighty to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life receive; Sud-den-ly re-
4. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spotless let it be; Let us see thy



humb' dwelling; All thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
 thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest. Take a-way our bent to sinning;  
 'turn, and never, Never more thy temples leave: Thee we would be always blessing,  
 great sal-va-tion, Perfectly restored in thee: Chang'd from glory in-to glo-ry,



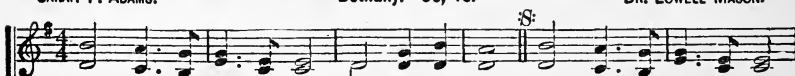
Pure unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation: Enter ev'ry trembling heart.  
 Al-pha and O-mega be: End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.  
 Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love.  
 Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.



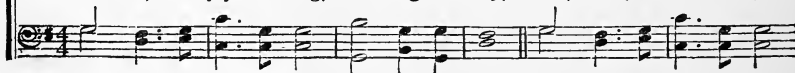
SARAH F. ADAMS.

Bethany. 6s, 4s.

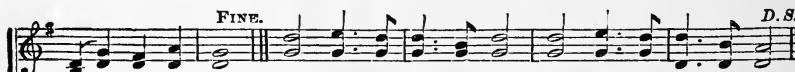
DR. LOWELL MASON.



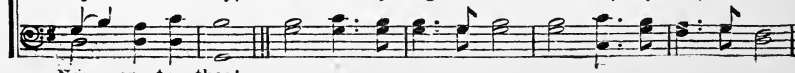
1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, Yet in my dreams I'd be Dark-ness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,
4. Then; with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,



D.S.—Near-er, my God, to thee,



That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee,  
 In-mer-cy given; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to thee,  
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee,  
 Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to thee,



Near-er to thee!

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,  
 2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and thine alone, Can change the  
 3. For noth - ing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash my  
 4. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus  
 5. And when before the throne I stand in him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.  
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
 garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. } Je - sus paid it all!  
 paid it all!" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.  
 tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet. }

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

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## Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be  
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more  
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low - ing him each day; What I ask  
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en - ter in.  
 of his pow'r Ev - er my pray'r would be. } Deep - er yet, deep - er yet,  
 he will give, So then with faith I pray.  
 I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in. }

In-to the crimson flood; Deep - er yet, deep - er yet, Under the pre-cious blood

# Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus  
 2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus  
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-against the foe;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vi-dered, All one bod-y we,  
 Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er, 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud and hon-or Un-to Christ the King;

CHORUS.  
 For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, his ban-ners go!  
 One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty. } Onward, Christian sol-diers!  
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.  
 This thro' countless a-ges Men and an-gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

# Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; }  
 { Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit.....) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs.  
 D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (Omit.....) When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;  
 D.C.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store:  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing.  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

## Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

ANDREW REED.

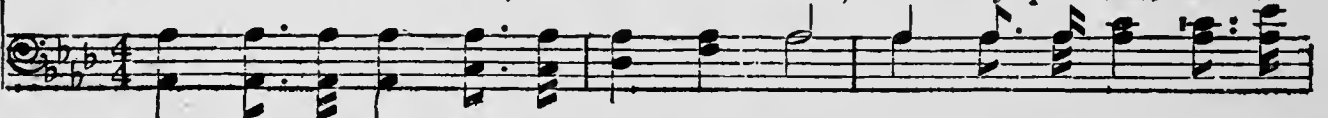
Mercy. 7s.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

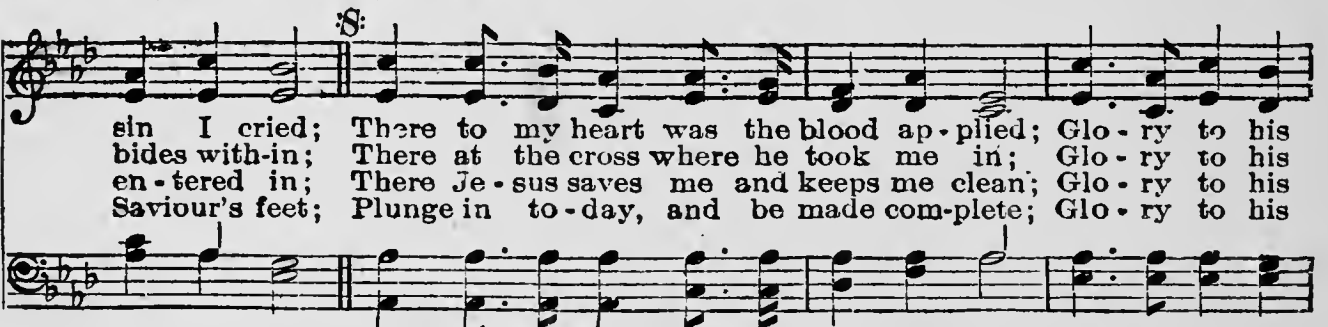
1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;  
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - den'd heart of mine;  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.  
 Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.  
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleeding heart.  
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lope.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin! Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
3. O precious foun - tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun - tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to his  
 bides with - in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his  
 en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his  
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com - plete; Glo - ry to his



*D.S.*—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to his

FINE. CHORUS.

*D.S.*

name! Glo - ry to his name! Glo - ry to his name!





# Pass Me Not.

FANNI J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on  
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing  
 3. Trust-ing on-ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my  
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.  
 there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.  
 wounded, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by thy grace. } Sav-iour, Sav-iour,  
 I on earth be-side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

Hear my humble cry, While on others thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

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# Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord,  
 2. For Je-sus shed his pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;  
 3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;  
 4. Come, then, and join the ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,

And he will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in his word.  
 Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.  
 Be-lieve in him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.  
 To dwell in that ce-les-tial land. Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

CHORUS.

{ \* On-ly trust him, on-ly trust him, On-ly trust him now; }  
 { He will save you, he will save you, He will (Omit.....) } save you now.

\* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust Him,"

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.  
SOLO.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give; }  
 { I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live. }  
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at his feet I bow; }  
 { World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }  
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly thine; }  
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;  
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;

All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,  
 Lord, I give myself to thee;  
 Fill me with thy love and power,  
 Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,  
 Now I feel the sacred flame;  
 O the joy of full salvation!  
 Glory, glory to his name!

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SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

FRANK CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;  
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,  
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up - on my way,  
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new lus - ter to the day.  
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

W. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;  
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;  
 8. Thou dy-ing Lamb! thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,

And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
 Till all the ran-somed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

*D.S.*—And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
*D.S.*—And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
*D.S.*—Till all the ran-somed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

Lose all their guilt-y stains,.... Lose all their guilt-y stains,  
 Wash all my sins a-way,..... Wash all my sins a-way,  
 Are saved, to sin no more,.... Are saved, to sin no more,

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,  
 Lies silent in the grave.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Woodworth. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,  
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind.

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down;  
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

RAY PALMER.

Olivet. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MABON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Saviour di-vine; Now hear me  
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast

while I pray, Take all my guilt a way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!  
died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

S. F. SMITH, D. D.

America. 6s, 4s.

AD. HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thyname I love; I love thy

fathers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

FELICE GIARLANI.

1. Come, thou al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-  
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and thy  
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-  
4. To thee, great One in Three, E-ter-nal glo-ry be, Hence, evermore; Thy sov'reign

# Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.

glo - rious, O'er all vic - to - rious, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.  
 people bless, And give thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!  
 mighty art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

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## Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy  
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. }

FINE. D.S.  
 day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray. }  
 { And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
 To him who merits all my love!  
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done!  
 I am my Lord's and he is mine;  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

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## Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Re - vive us a - gain.

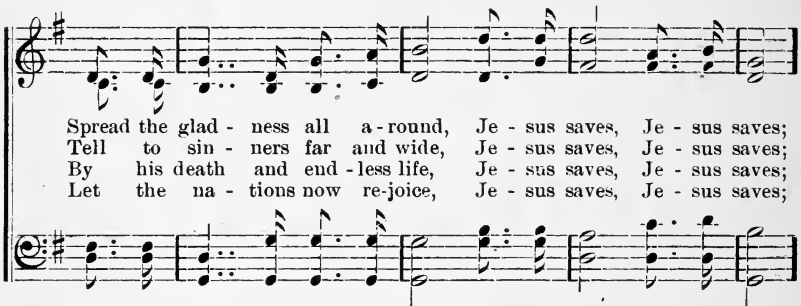
- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,  
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,  
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;  
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

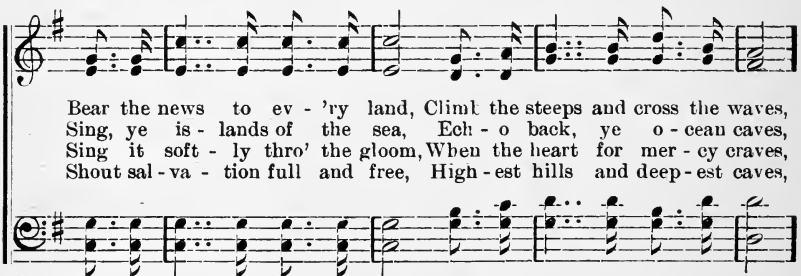
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We have heard the joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 Let the na - tions now re-joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,  
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,  
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,  
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,



On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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